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THE GOSPEL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN



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(See Page 95)

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THE GOSPEL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

By
ELMER ELLSWORTH HELMS

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Author of "Forgotten Stories," "The Gate to the
Gospel," "Living Bread," "God in
History," "Men Who Made and
Marred History," etc.*

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To
My Only Grandson
PAUL HELMS, JR.

*Whom, when he comes to the stature of Manhood
I crave for The Ministry of Jesus Christ*

OPENING THE DOOR

THESE days thousands take Mediterranean Cruises. But, few get to such places of thrilling interest as the Islands of Patmos, Corsica, Malta, The Balearics. So far as discoverable only three living American Preachers, Authors, or Lecturers, have visited all of the Seven Churches of Asia, Patmos and a number more of these so called out-of-the-way places. And so far as known this humble author is the only one who was accompanied in all his journeyings by his Help-meet. She proved to be a good traveler as well as a good soldier, for she, indeed, "endured hardness."

I am most happy, O Reader, to share with you this first sheaf of Golden Mediterranean Grain garnered in the Good Year of our Common Christ Nineteen hundred and thirty.

E. E. H.

Los Angeles, California.

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I

“ON THE ISLE THAT IS CALLED PATMOS”

I John * * * was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

—REVELATION 1:9.

WE owe a debt unpayable to the Captain of the good Italian ship *Foscari*, which carried us to “the isle that is called Patmos.” With his own hand he drew the detailed map exact to scale that graces this little volume as its Frontispiece.

The Island of Patmos lies some 25 miles off the mainland of Asia Minor and is 10 miles long and 5 miles wide at its widest. It is deeply indented and is 38 miles in circumference. It is but 16 square miles in area. Scattered over the Island are 2,550 people.

The only two villages are Skala, the port town, and Patino. John must have landed at Skala for there is no other possible landing place. It has fifty houses and two chapels; one the Chapel of St. John, the other named after Polycarp, disciple of John’s and succeeding him as the Bishop of Smyrna, where on February 23, 156 A. D. he was burned at the stake. After the fagots were piled high about him, his persecutors gave him his last chance to recant. What answer immortal was his: “Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never did me any wrong; how can I now blas-

pheme my King and Saviour?" And the old hero, as Elijah, went up in a chariot of fire.

The other town is Patino of some eighty white houses. They surround the fort like walls within which are the Monastery of St. John, the Library, five Chapels and several other buildings.

The Chapel of St. John is over the cave in which John is supposed to have lived during his banishment. There are Chapels everywhere—364 in all. Most of them are very tiny and many of them must have been built when the population was much greater than it is now. The Chapel of Elijah is on the top of Mount St. Elias, 876 feet high, the highest elevation on the island. From Elias there is what an entrancing view!

The walls around the Monastery and other buildings were erected in 1088, under permission of the Emperor, by Cristodulo as a protection against the pirates, and later against the Mohammedans. In one of the five Chapels within the walls is the sarcophagus of Cristodulo. In the Library, another building within the walls, is a life sized statue of John, the conception of some long ago artist. Over the Library door, in Greek, are these words, "Medicine for the soul."

Once there were some 600 old and valuable manuscripts here but most of them are now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Among those still here is a copy of the Gospel of Mark of the eighth century on vellum, in purple ink, the name of Jesus and Christ in gold. There is also a collection of stories of John, very old, but nobody knows who the author was. Among the

stories—these: That he was shipwrecked on the way to Patmos; that upon his release and return to Ephesus he learned that his last Convert, a young man, had backslid and joined a company of robbers whose hiding place was in the mountains of Pergamos. At the risk of his life John went after him, daring death, found the young man and reclaimed him. | Another story: That when John was a full hundred years old—too old to longer preach, he used to visit the Churches unannounced and unexpected, and when the Pastor would ask him to say a word, with trembling hand and shaking voice he would say, “Little children be like God.” Then some one was certain to ask, “What do you mean, Father John?” And John’s reply, “God is love.” One other story: That when it came time for him to die he had his grave prepared and then calmly laid himself down in it and the Lord kissed him to sleep, and that his Sepulchre is in Mt. Prion, near Ephesus and was known to Polycarp and the brethren.

(The Monastery houses forty Monks. They elect one of their number Bishop. They are the school teachers of the Island in addition to conducting the religious services in the numerous Chapels.) Once there were 400 Monks and from them all the Bishops of the Eastern Church were selected. (Here, too, in the Monastery are rich vestments—a one hundred thousand dollars’ worth or more. And when the Patriarch of Constantinople visits the Island and the Monks, they load him with these vestments.)

The 2,550 inhabitants are simple, gentle Greek folk

who try to suck sustenance out of the rocky Island but do not fully succeed. So, many are seamen carrying merchandise from one Grecian island to another. Also not a few go to Greece and work in the summer, returning to Patmos for the winter. And all of the inhabitants are much given to fishing.)

/ Once the Island was called Palmosa, from the palm trees of which there are very few now. There are also a few olive and fig and mulberry trees, but very few. | The Island is almost treeless, and waterless. || To supply water great cisterns have been sunk to catch the water during the rainy season. | There are three large ones, with windmills, between the Chapel of St. John and the village of Patino. / The natives grow a little corn, barley, tomatoes, and grapes. It is a rocky, barren island and the people literally snatch meager growth out of the rock cracks.)

/ "And I John was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." St. John touched three centuries. He was born just before B. C. was crowded off the calendar, he lived through the first hundred years of the Christian era, and he closed his eventful life at Ephesus during the reign of Trajan early in the second century.)

W John's life covered the reign of twelve Roman Emperors, from Augustus to Nerva: Two of whom committed suicide, seven of whom were murdered, nearly all of whom were bloody persecutors of the followers of the lowly Nazarene. / He outlived all the others of the Apostolic band. / He was born under the mag-

nificent reign of Cæsar Augustus, whose empire swept from the River Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the walls of Antoninus to the Mountains of the Moon, holding one hundred and twenty millions of the human race. That was the golden age of Rome. All that wealth could procure or genius create or ambition desire, filled Rome with glory and her provinces with temples and palaces. Poets, orators, statesmen, warriors, philosophers, historians, added greatly to the period, while luxury, war, conquest, vice and prodigality held high carnival.

In a small province of that vast empire, on the peaceful shores of the Lake of Galilee, St. John was born. His father had accumulated wealth from the fisheries of Galilee and the son went frequently from Tiberias to Jerusalem in the management of the father's business. There was a tradition that the father, Zebedee, had a city residence in Jerusalem which he later sold to the High Priest, Caiaphas. Which would account for the statement made in connection with the night of betrayal and trial, that John knew the High Priest. It would also account for special consideration shown John that night.

We have a saying, "Great men are the products of great mothers." St. John's mother was Salome, the sister of the Virgin Mary. So that Jesus and John were first cousins. Salome's comparative wealth permitted her to follow the Master and minister to His wants. She was at the Cross. She purchased spices for the Lord's burial. She was among those who were first at the tomb on the resurrection morning.

Two of her sons were among the apostolic twelve—James the first apostle to wear the martyr's crown, and John. Salome was one of the great mothers of history.

In all ages and in all lands men have esteemed it the highest honour to be the intimate friend of great men. Kings, statesmen, scholars have their intimates and their confidants. Christ had many disciples, seventy evangelists, and twelve apostles. And out of the illustrious twelve He chose three to be His close confidants, and of the three, John has the distinction of being "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Why this honour? His personal beauty? All artists of marble or canvas have always conceived him as the perfection of manly beauty. Doubtless he possessed beauty of presence. Or was it the might of his mind? All his writings reveal an intellect of the highest order. His three letters are the purest and sweetest in literature. His Gospel is the sublimest penned. His Apocalypse surpasses in imagery all other sacred writings. In all literature there is nothing more beautiful than his story of Bethany, nothing more pathetic than his Mary at the Saviour's tomb, and his pen picture of Christ as He appeared to John on Patmos is as faultless as it is majestic. He possessed great personal beauty and charm and he lacked not superior intellectual qualities. But Christ's peculiar attachment to him, for him, was it not rather due to that quality not so much of person or perception as of soul which made John of all the apostles the most Christlike—hence the most Christ loved?

What a miracle of grace was John. Born amid storm-swept Galilee his impetuous spirit had been christened "son of thunder." His vehement temper would blaze forth, burst forth like a volcanic eruption. Grace divine changed all this. His turbulent spirit became as calm as the bosom of his beloved Galilee when the Master said "Peace be still."

As we have stated Mary and Salome were sisters, and Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist was a cousin of these two. So it is not improbable that in their youth Jesus and St. John and John the Baptist often met in Jerusalem at the great feasts. As loyal Jewish lads, after reaching the age of twelve, it is not unlikely they went to school at Jerusalem—who knows but to the learned Gamaliel, and who knows but that they there met young Saul of Tarsus? What a group for a painter—John the Baptist the forerunner, St. John the beloved evangelist, Paul the great apostle to the Gentiles, and Christ the Saviour of the world!

St. John was an earlier disciple of John the Baptist. Of the first chapter of his Gospel he devotes thirty-seven verses to John the Baptist. He witnessed the baptism of Jesus by John the Baptist. With Andrew, John stood and saw and heard John the Baptist say, as he pointed to Jesus, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." And John and Andrew followed Jesus and He turned and said, "What seek ye?" and they answered, "Where dwellest thou?" Jesus replied, "Come and see." And they abode with Jesus that day. That was a never-

to-be-forgotten day. Then for three years through calm and storm, summer heat and winter cold, from Capernaum to Jerusalem, through Judea and Galilee and Samaria, from the heights of Olivet to the heights of the Mount of Transfiguration John followed the Christ. He it was who stood by the Cross and received from Christ's lips, "Behold thy mother." And after Jesus winged Him back to God John tarried in Jerusalem and cared for Mary the mother.

From all that can be learned from tradition and the early writings, John lived in Jerusalem some thirty years after Christ's ascension, until the death of Mary. What a funeral that must have been when the disciples carried Mary's body out St. Stephen's Gate, across Kidron, to the foot of Gethsemane where tradition says she was buried. It is no surprise that she would want to be buried in Gethsemane.

St. John is now free for the first time to leave the Holy City. Nero is Emperor at Rome. Herod Agrippa I is ruler of Palestine. He killed James the brother of John. He put Peter into prison and intended to kill him also. Vespasian with sixty thousand soldiers has mowed all Palestine except Jerusalem. The storm clouds are gathering. News reaches Jerusalem that bloody Nero has beheaded Paul in Rome and the Seven Churches of Asia are left pastorless. John's mission is clear. He must needs become the overseer of the seven. Once more, for the last time, he visits Gethsemane, and Calvary, the temple and the Mount of Ascension, the graves of James and Stephen and Mary. He climbs the heights



B

THE ISLAND OF PATMOS

of Mt. Scopus where Titus will soon plant his batteries, and he takes his farewell view of the city soon to be left desolate. Henceforth John is an exile.

He is now a passenger on the tideless Mediterranean. His native land recedes from his view. The snows of Hermon are seen for the last time. Never again will he sail blue Galilee or walk the streets of Jerusalem. Henceforth he is a stranger in a strange land. Day after day John sails the great sea. There to his right is Tarsus where Paul was born. To his left is Cyprus the home of Barnabas the Son of Consolation. Now he passes Rhodes with its Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world, and soon he enters the harbour of Miletus, the port of Ephesus twenty-one miles away, which becomes his future home and the center of his labours. Not Paul, nor Apollo, nor Aquila, nor Priscilla are there to meet him. But the elders of Ephesus are there to greet him—the last of the apostolic group.

As before stated Nero, the bloody, is on the throne. For fourteen years he reigned, the darkest years of the bloody history of the twelve Cæsars, whose memories are recalled with horror. The ghost of his father whom he murdered, and of his mother whom he murdered, and of his wife whom he murdered, and Lucan the poet and Seneca his teacher, all of whom he murdered, he tried to down, to drown, by butchering Christians in Rome in the most brutal way known to Satanic devices. Paul had gone to the block and Nero reaching his bloody hand out to the farthest provinces, one so conspicuous as John at Ephesus will

not escape him. He haled him to Rome. He gives him the form of a trial, which was a farce. And then he banishes him to the loneliest, rockiest, most desolate island in all his dominions, Patmos, and leaves him there to starve and die.

On coming from Palestine to Ephesus John sailed by Patmos but little did he dream he would ever be a prisoner there. The Ægean Sea is full of islands and then they were thickly populated. We passed by many of the same islands that John passed by: Salamis the home of Solon, Chios the home of Homer, Samos the home of Pythagoras, Coos the home of Hippocrates, Delos the home of Apollo and Artemis. John on board a Roman ship sailed among these islands toward his prison home.

All my life how I have longed to visit Patmos. When we boarded the Italian ship, *Foscari*, at Athens for Smyrna, to visit the Seven Churches, and found that it sailed away east as far as Rhodes and then back among these Ægean Islands, and that it was the one ship whose itinerary included Patmos, it seemed too good to be true. In the eagerness of my heart I felt something was certain to happen, but it didn't. We were anchored in at Rhodes a whole day. Then at twilight we lifted anchor and all night long sailed over the waters of the Ægean. The sea was calm, the sky was cloudless. The stars were brilliant, the moon was full. What a night! And we are sailing toward Patmos! All night we are slipping in and out among these wondrous starlit islands. (There now looms before us mountain-browed Paros containing the famous

quarries of Parian marble, out of which Venus de Medici, The Dying Gladiator, and other immortal pieces have been carved.) Here Darius planted his banners after the Battle of Marathon, and Miltiades here received his death wound when he went to reconquer the Island. Now Paros is covered, not with soldiers but with shepherds and sheep and goats. Afar was Naxos, most beautiful of them all, twelve miles by ten, and with twelve thousand Christian folk living in white houses. How weird and ghostlike the white houses stood out in the moonlight. So the night slips away. It is four o'clock in the morning. We are on deck. Aurora with her rosy fingers is lifting the curtain of the dawn. The moon is down. The stars are dead. A great calm o'erspreads the sea. We could hear the beatings of our own hearts for we knew that within a half hour would loom before us the bald rocky heights of Patmos. The few flecked clouds disappear and it is sunrise on Patmos! That's like a view and a visit to Heaven.

Here John was a prisoner of Rome, but far more he was a prisoner of Jesus Christ. Here John gets his imagery of the Revelation if he didn't actually write the book here. And what imagery! It has no parallel in all literature.

Though one may not be bigot enough, though there have been such, to dogmatically say this piece of imagery means that and that means this, yet to read the Book of Revelation in the presence of Patmos gives to it a new touch and meaning. The clothing of much of the imagery becomes woven of a web now

easily understandable. Years on this rock-bound desert coast, oft tortured of hunger biting and bitter, and half famished, in his dreams catching a glimpse of the inhabitants of Heaven, feasting at the table of the Lord, no wonder John cried out, "They shall hunger no more." The terrible thing of Patmos now is its scarcity of fresh water. Then it must have been a deadly torture. With hot tongue in dreamy delirium John would often cry as he saw the river of the water of life splashing from under the throne of God to which the Lamb leads the flock, "They shall thirst no more." With that torrid sun beating down on his head no wonder he saw in vision the Tree of Life on the banks of the river, crowned with green waving leaves. And the sea pounding against rock-ribbed Patmos on all sides, breaking in thunderous tones, drowns one's hearing. Natural then that John would say of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, "They are like the voices of many waters, yea as the voice of great thunders."

Often as one looks out over the waters there is a great calm, unrippled by wind or wave and the waters are as smooth as glass, and the sun seems to set them on fire. No wonder that John speaks of "a sea of glass mingled with fire." And oft in these waters and among the many outlying islands when the winds are wild and the waves furious as fierce beasts and Euroclydons lash and foam and fly, and lightnings cut and thunders clap and crash, not an island or mountain can be seen in all the great Ægean Sea. No wonder John wrote, "Every mountain and island

were moved out of their places, every island fled away and the mountains were not found." This rocky isle is oft swept of hail, scarred by lightning, shook of thunder, arched by rainbow. All of which John weaves into the picture. The imagery, the clothing of the Apocalypse becomes a very revelation of naturalness when one once stands amid the cliffs and crags of Patmos.

And whatever may be the meaning of the mysteries this at least is very evident, that here is pictured the fall of wicked and worldly empires, the overthrow of tyrants and the defeat of the foes of God and He on the white horse whose eyes were as a flame of fire, out of whose mouth went a two-edged sword, whose name was King of Kings and Lord of Lords, is here pictured as trampling all His foes under His feet and riding to eternal victory, while voices so many and so mighty no man can number them, like the voice of many waters, shout, "Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever."

That day as the sun was setting and the sea became a sea of gold, as our ship glided through the Ægean from the shores of Patmos, and the Isle of the Apocalypse began to fade from our sight I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eyes on the enchantment as long as possible. And I heard a voice that sounded in the waters that dashed against the sides of the ship, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and shall be their God. And God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are all passed away." I stood in the stern of the boat and gazed and gazed until Patmos was only a dim thing on the distant sea, and I heard as it were a whisper out of Heaven, "Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city."

II

CORSICA AND NAPOLEON:

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

They were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit.—LUKE 24: 37.

STRANGE text. Striking text. Startling text. When we come to it it will play havoc with our naked souls.

We are now on the Island of Corsica. It lies in a bend of the Mediterranean that makes the Bay of Genoa and is sixty miles off the west coast of Italy. Corsica is a perfect turtle, head and neck north, tail south, its four feet west. It is two-thirds the size of Connecticut and has some three hundred thousand people. With this small population she laid down in Flanders Field forty thousand of her sons. How wicked is war.

The three leading cities are Bastia on the east, situated in the nape of the turtle's neck, and Calvi and Ajaccio on the west coast.

All on a sudden in Calvi one comes across this tablet on an old building, "Here in 1441 was born Christopher Columbus, who through the discovery of a new world gained immortality while Calvi was under Genoese control. He died in Valladolid, Spain, the

20th of May, 1506." The world has generally supposed that Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa. Nobody knows, but the historians increasingly agree that Calvi's claim is good. Calvi is not slow in contending for the honour.

But her greatest pride is in the fact that here Lord Nelson lost his right eye, the loss of which led to such momentous consequences. During the first Mediterranean naval struggle between England and Napoleon, Nelson's headquarters were in Calvi. During a bombardment a shot hit the ground and a gravel was flicked up and hit Nelson in the right eye and put it out. At the Battle of Copenhagen where Sir Hyde Parker was the English Admiral in charge Nelson was serving under him. In the midst of the battle Parker, believing England was going to be defeated, signaled Nelson to withdraw from action the ships under his command. When Nelson's attention was called to the signal he put his field-glass to his blind eye and said, as he scanned the sea, "I really do not see the signal to retreat, order an advance." And through him England won a glorious victory. It is not therefore surprising that speedily he replaced Parker as Admiral. Then came Trafalgar which broke Napoleon's naval back and gave to the world Nelson's immortal, "England expects every man to do his duty." Nelson fell mortally wounded but with "Thank God I have done my duty." His body lies in St. Paul's with Wellington's. Incidentally, Calvi's main street is "Boulevard President Wilson."

Ajaccio. It was founded by Ajax, hero of the

Trojan War, the very year Columbus discovered America. Here Napoleon Bonaparte was born. The four story house in which he was born bears a tablet testifying to that fact. The date of his birth was April 15, 1769. The date of his death, May 15, 1821. Between these two dates what history. Emerson says, "Every age is the lengthened shadow of a man." A man, Julius Cæsar, lived and we have a Roman Empire. George Washington, and we have an American Republic. Luther, and we have the Reformation. Wesley, and Methodism. Calvin, and Presbyterianism. Paul, and the Christian Church. Napoleon Bonaparte, and history bears a long chapter captioned The Napoleonic Age. This man Napoleon, whatever else may be said of him, was no weakling and though of diminutive stature he measures historic lengths with the world's tallest. Everything in Ajaccio bears the Napoleonic stamp. The streets, the alleys, the bridges, the cafés, the theaters, are all Napoleon.

At a distance Ajaccio is a fairy city, but only at a distance. The very street on which Napoleon's birth house stands is a filthy alley. Napoleon on St. Helena said he could close his eyes and smell the perfume of his native land. He didn't refer to his native town but to the clover odoured, orange and lemon blossomed, perfume laden fields of his native Island. Ajaccio smells to heaven and half-way back. The children do not know what a handkerchief is. Dirty cafés with dirty men sitting around playing with dirty cards and drinking absinthe out of dirty glasses. Incidentally, absinthe drinking is absolutely forbidden by law. An

American tapped an absinthe drinker on the shoulder and said, "I thought absinthe drinking was forbidden." The man replied, "It is." But he never missed a sip. Otherwheres than in America prohibition doesn't always fully prohibit. And Ajaccio's laundry is next to the cathedral, reminding one that cleanliness is not only next to godliness but here it is next to impossible. There are, however, some towns specklessly clean and some taverns scrupulously scrubbed.

The people are French and Catholic and life is listless and lazy. Time clocks are unknown and nobody would punch one if there were any. There is something in the languid atmosphere that suggests the motto, "Do it to-morrow," which the Corsicans feel is away ahead of America's, "Do it now" and be quick about it. Some one has said "The Corsican is not ambitious enough to be a crook." Were you to leave your watch lie on the street the probability is that no one would care to go through the exertion of stooping to pick it up. Thievery is practically unknown. Women go alone in perfect safety anywhere at night, while policemen go in pairs in the daytime. The climate is Southern California at its best, with the California physical setting. There is Monte de' Oro, 7,845 feet high, snow capped and clad most of the year, and giving that finish to the picture so familiar to Californians. In the southern part of the Island the girls are pretty and prettily dressed. But mostly, especially in the interior, the women are very plain in person and apparel. They wear coarse straw

hats as flat as pancakes. Indeed, they look like enlarged pancakes.

Out of this quaint little Island, with its quaint Bastia and Calvi and Ajaccio and quainter interior villages, Napoleon Bonaparte stepped one day into France. At least roughly all know that story, for more books have been written of Napoleon Bonaparte than of any other man who has lived the last thousand years save George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. One day during one of his campaigns one of his aides came upon Napoleon drawing a map on a drumhead. He said, "Sire, what are you proposing to do?" His answer, "I am proposing to roll this through Europe." He did. His ambition became a madness. He would brook nothing that stood in the way of his world thirst. He did not hesitate to divorce Josephine and lay her on the altar of the god of ambition, and marry Marie Louisa, daughter of Francis of Austria. The poet tells us ambition slew Cæsar. Yes, and Napoleon.

When the Russian Ambassador to Paris answered Napoleon's threat with "Man proposes but God disposes," Napoleon stamped his imperial foot and pointing the Ambassador to the door said, "Go tell your master, the Czar, I propose and I dispose." To Russia he will go. When General Ney and others reminded him fall drew apace and dangers lurked in Russian winters he defied the almanac and with some four hundred thousand soldiers sallied forth toward Moscow. Four hundred thousand marched into Russia and twenty thousand—a mere handful—dragged

their leaden feet back to Paris. One day a snowflake kissed Napoleon's cheek but he heeded it not. A dozen snowflakes caressed his cheek but he carelessly flicked them off with his finger. Then handfuls of snowflakes, armfuls of snowflakes, avalanches of snowflakes, and four hundred thousand dazed, benumbed, staggering French soldiers stumbled into icy Russian graves.

Humanity and history haven't dealt o'er kind with would-be world conquerors. The sarcophagus of Alexander the Great recently discovered may be seen in the museum at Constantinople. When Alexander came to die he requested that his hands be extended outside the coffin, palms up, to tell to all that though he attempted to conquer he went out empty handed. When Charlemagne came to die he asked that he be buried with his finger on an open Bible, his finger pointing to Mark 8: 36, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The Kaiser is spending what should have been his creamy years within the walls of Doorn, chopping wood. And Napoleon Bonaparte, most ambitious of the four and far the greatest, after spending years chaffing on the little Island of St. Helena, only forty-seven square miles, on the night of May 5, 1821, amid the surging of the sea that sounded like the sobs of the three million he had slain, died with his military boots on. His sole possession his military boots. Napoleon Bonaparte who made the world tremble under the tread of his haughty heel; Napoleon Bonaparte who held empires in his fists; Napoleon Bonaparte who

played with kingdoms as boys play with marbles; Napoleon Bonaparte who let not love, wife, home, man or God stand in the way of his ambition to become the master of the world; Napoleon Bonaparte dies amid the surging drum-beat of the seas, his sole possession—military boots. He is dead. The man who shook Europe is dead. The man a world dreaded is dead, and the possessor of mansions? No. Military boots. Yes, humanity and history and God haven't looked o'er favourably upon would-be world conquerors.

But what of the text? "They were terrified and affrighted, and supposed they had seen a ghost." Christ is betrayed, crucified, dead, buried. It was a beautiful three year dream. But the awakening has come. And the disciples' young, brave Nazarene friend and leader lies cold and still in Joseph's new tomb and the grave's mouth is sealed. He is done. It is ended. That chapter is closed. One of the eleven said, "What shall we do now?" Peter answers—of course it would be Peter, "I'm going afishing." Which implied, "If any of you want to go along, come." Back to the old life they go and then all of a sudden Christ stands in the midst and "They were terrified and affrighted and supposed they had seen a ghost." He had come back. He had come back when they least expected it. Hold that.

Standing on the heights overlooking Bastia on the east coast of Corsica, peering out over the blue Mediterranean, what is that speck? That's Elba. A tiny island of only eighty-six square miles. The powers

of Europe turned that into a prison house for Napoleon Bonaparte. And there he was a prisoner three hundred and twelve days when he escaped, and back to France. Then he rallied all of France into a new army, and flung it at the throat of all Europe, and met Wellington and the world at Waterloo June 18, 1815, and lost all and finally—and then to St. Helena.

But when Napoleon came back from Elba, at that very hour the rulers of Europe were sitting around a table, a so-called treaty of peace table, redividing Europe among themselves. The last thing they ever expected was that Napoleon would come back. Each man around that table had the lean and hungry look of a Cassius. The map of Europe was stretched in the center of the table. Each man had a note-book open before him. Their hands were nervously clutching. They were dry lipped. They were nervously wetting their lips with their tongues. Each was higgling for a bigger slice than he expected to get, but now that the Little Corporal is no more he has hopes. For no man is forgetting Elba's prison house in which he is securely locked. All of a sudden there is a rustling at the door, there is a rattling of the door, and a disheveled horseman, bespurred, rushes in as pale as the rider on the pale horse. He hoarsely gutturals, "He has come back, he has come back." The note-books nervously fall to the floor. Knees knock together under the table. The map of Europe lies torn and tattered as the Ambassadors nervously clutch at its edges. They forget all about their craven carving



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NAPOLEON AT ARCOLE

of a continent among themselves. "They were terrified and affrighted, and supposed they had seen a ghost." The last thing they counted on was his coming back. But he came back.

Men have ever finished with Christ. Men have ever banished Him from their lives. Men have counted they were through with Him. And then all of a sudden, all unannounced, like Banquo's ghost, He has come back and stood before them with accusing mien. And men, pale and trembling have chokingly clutched at the air and hoarsely cried, "He has come back." Belshazzar finished with Him. Belshazzar banished Him. What's this, a ghost? No, it's no specter. It is the finger of the banished God writing across Belshazzar's soul, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." "And that night was Belshazzar slain." He had come back. Jacob banished Him. Jacob prospered by hook or crook, mostly by crook. "He had great possessions," so readeth the record. Kings kotowed to him. Twenty-five years passed. A long banishment, when lo! one night stripped of family, friends and worldly all, Jacob stood alone by Jabbok's banks and there wrestled with him an unseen person and Jacob went limp and lame all the rest of his days, broken and bent. He had come back. Joseph's brethren drove their bargain for their brother's blood. They counted they were so much silver to the good. Thirty years of forgetfulness. Thirty years of banishment. Thirty years. And Joseph long ago is dust. When lo! they quaking stand before the harsh voiced Governor of all Egypt,

and they mutter, "He's back." "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." Adam drove God out of the garden of his soul and now, freed, independent, he's his own master. But he reckoned not on the night shades. Lo, in the dusk of the evening One walks in that garden and a voice, "Adam, where art thou?" He is back. Cain put a dagger through the heart of his brother. Long Abel has been turned to fertilizer. Cain thrums with peaceful leisure the strings of his harp. When, like the suddenness of a ghost it crashes on him, "Where is thy brother?" Cain's hollow laugh, "When did I become my brother's keeper?" threw up no wall of defense, for behold He had come back. Jesus stood before Pilate. Pilate banished Him, eternally, finally. 'Tis the Judgment Day. Pilate now stands before Jesus. And Pilate goes away into endless night. The tables are turned. He's back. Judas drove his cold, hard bargain. He jingles his coin. It's all gain. Then suddenly, as sudden as a flash of lightning; as sudden as a clap of thunder; as sudden as an earthquake crash, Judas sees something, sees Him, and rushing into the presence of the priests he cries, "I have sinned, I have sinned." He was back.

One night a young man said to a preacher, "I have no use for religion or God." He said it very boastingly. But it sounded to the preacher like an echo through the corridors of a mausoleum. He went afar. He banished Christ, and forever. He went the lengths and depths and dregs of sin. It set its mark on his face. Sin's ravages gnawed themselves into his soul.

He wallowed in sin. He took a sin bath. And then after years he staggered into that preacher's presence crying, "I haven't slept for nights. I see ghosts, I tell you I see ghosts." "They were terrified and affrighted, supposing they had seen a ghost." He shook like he had delirium tremens of the soul. He had. The preacher said, "Thank God." The man, aghast, said, "What is there to thank God about? I tell you I am going mad." The preacher said, "Thank God, He has come back to your soul."

*"In the silent midnight watches
List thy bosom's door
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh
Knocketh ever more.
Say not 'tis thy pulses beating
Nor thy heart of sin;
'Tis the Saviour standing, crying,
'Rise and let me in.'"*

He's back. He is the inescapable Christ.

But as terrifying as His coming back is, a thousand fold worse if He never came back. Suppose He never came back. Two young lovers engaged to be married had a lovers' quarrel. He left in a rage. She said, "I never want to see you again." He retorted, "Don't worry, you never will," and was gone. That night she didn't sleep. The next day was endless. The next night she never fixed herself so prettily. She waited and waited and waited. But he didn't come that night, nor the next, nor the next. She cupped her eyes and peered and peered in the darkness. Days dragged their leaden length into weeks.

Endless weeks wore away into months. Months into measureless years. Youth faded into middle life and middle life into old age, and she tottered toward the tomb hoping, yearning, but he never came back. That's tragedy. That's hell. And that's what will happen to the man who keeps Him eternally locked out. For His spirit will not always strive. No conscience to warn. No thorns in the pillow. No torture in the soul. A walking corpse. A petrified soul, a dead soul, a lost soul. Demas not only forsook the Lord but he was forsaken of the Lord. Samson so long had barred God out of his heart that he wist not, was not even conscious that God had departed from him. Have you any feeling, any flickering of conscience, any drawings Godward, Christward, Heavenward? If you have thank God and rush into His Presence crying,

*"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee."*

If you have the least yearnings toward Him thank God, for He has come back to thy soul, for thy soul.

*"O keep Him no more
Outside the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in."*

III

THE BALEARICS AND RAYMOND LULL:

A FORGOTTEN LOVE STORY

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.
—1 JOHN 4:8.

He that loves not lives not.—RAYMOND LULL.

IN the Mediterranean one hundred and thirty-one miles south of Barcelona, Spain, there lie the five Islands which comprise the Balearic group, "The Pearl of the Mediterranean." In the order of size they are Majorca, Minorca, Iviza, Formentera and Cabrera. The last is a mere speck in the blue sea, comprising but eight square miles and having only forty-two souls. The five do not quite equal the State of Delaware in size and have only about one-third of Delaware's population.

The word Balearic is Greek and means "to throw" and refers to the skill of the early inhabitants with the sling. The Old Testament refers to the Balearic slingers. These Balearic slingers—warriors, served in both the Roman and Carthaginian armies during the Punic wars, which finally, under the Roman cry, "Carthago delenda est" led to the overthrow and destruction of Carthage 146 B. C.

The Balearics were once called "The Forgotten Isles." But they are no more. Their climate which

is the nearest perfect on earth, and their scenery which is the most bewitching, alluring, entrancing, has attracted in recent years tourists and world visitors by the thousands. So rapid the change this brings about that the Tartana, a two-wheeled, springless, one horse vehicle is being rapidly replaced by the automobile. This is especially true in Majorca the chief Island, and Palma its chief city. Palma's population is fully half of the total of all the towns of all the Islands. Here, too, are movies, theaters, and even golf! Soon, alas! there will be left no quaint and unspoiled region in all the world. But outside of Palma and Majorca, in the other Islands and communities native simplicity still reigns and the villages and hamlets and country places are still largely unspoiled by so-called modern civilization. And while short skirts and bobbed hair are in evidence (in not a few parts of Majorca, the quaint old fashions still prevail throughout the Islands as a whole. In some parts, particularly in Iviza, the women wear as many as ten skirts at a time, each one longer than the one next underneath. In walking they raise coyly the outer skirt to show the beauties of the one next underneath. And so they do until they have displayed all ten. And the maidens, gaily laden with their ten skirts and much headgear, go walking, particularly on Sunday afternoons, followed by their lovers. It is not uncommon to see not fewer than thirty lovers following one comely maiden. Each lover in turn is granted the privilege of walking by her side for a limited and fixed number of minutes to press his suit. But if he attempts to overstay or

overstep his allotted time he pays a frightful price at the hands of the other lovers.

The ten fingers of an engaged girl are literally covered with rings. As soon as she is married they are handed down to her next sister, to be worn by her when she becomes engaged. Engagement rings are furnished, not by the fortunate girl's lover, but by the girl's family. Girls do their flirting from behind handkerchiefs. On Sunday afternoons handkerchiefs are much in evidence. Preparation for marriage is begun very young. The trousseau is the accumulation of years and a girl is not considered properly prepared and equipped for marriage until and unless she possesses a dozen dozen of everything. Imagine one hundred and forty-four of everything. There is a softness in the Balearic air that is literally hypnotizing. And there is a warmth and cordiality everywhere that is captivating. Any one on the least provocation will leave his labour to escort a visitor to the place where he was inquiring about and upon leaving he will thank him profusely for the privilege of escorting him. And as for a tip! Don't you dare. Here courtesy is king. Some one caught of the native cordiality, the bewitching climate, the alluring skies, said, "Majorca is only forty miles from heaven." A wag added, "Why the forty miles?"

Shoemaking is the national industry. Usually the village shoemaker is also the village veterinary, barber and band leader. The family hog is the town scavenger. The killing of the family porker is an annual event. The family turkey is kept tied to the

front door and is taken by the master of the house for its daily walk each evening, and the neighbourhood sport and excitement is the comparing and arguing over the good points of the neighbourhood turkeys.

In a convent near Palma for some years lived George Sand, who here produced many of her famous novels, and Frederic Chopin from this spot gave the musical world scores of his immortal productions. The moral derelictions of these two geniuses are well left untouched. Here, too, Lord Nelson in 1798, during his Mediterranean campaign installed Lady Hamilton. Another chapter in morals, or immorals, it is also well to pass over in silence. The Island shores and hillsides are honeycombed with caves, bearing evidence of having been inhabited by prehistoric peoples. These caves are often two stories and of several rooms, and also with two entrances—front and rear. When the enemy would steal in the front your prehistoric man would steal out the rear. These caves bring to mind and suggest the Cliff Dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico and the Mound Builders of Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia. Who were they, and what, and why, and whither, and also whence? These questions are as easy to answer as what became of the Ten Tribes of Israel. Also everywhere are to be seen stone structures, prehistoric altars. There are more than two hundred in the Island of Majorca alone. All bearing unmistakable evidence of religious ceremonies and sacrifices. The largest one in Majorca is 42 feet long by an equal width, and $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The inside chamber is 35 feet square.

The number of these ancient altars and their presence over all five islands means that man is incurably religious.

Of great interest to Americans, and particularly to Californians and all interested in the old California Missions, is the fact that in Petra, a little Majorca town, was born Junipero Serra, founder of the California Missions, who lies buried in the Mission at Carmel. When he was thirty-six years of age he was designated and set aside by his Church for work in Mexico and the Pacific Coast. To this day a majority of the inhabitants of Petra bear the family name of Serra.

But the center of greatest interest to all students of history, and especially to Christian students, is the Church of San Francisco in the city of Palma, built in the thirteenth century, wherein lie the ashes of Raymond Lull who was born here in 1235, and who fell a martyr to the Cross June 30, 1315. What a story is the story of this man, the great apostle of love, the man of his century, a man truly sent of God, the greatest Christian character of two centuries. For more than two hundred years his was the best known and most influential name in all Christendom. We have but space for a mere outline of this wonderful story of this marvelous man. Were we to hear the names of Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Cræsus, Gustavus Adolphus, we would at once recognize and locate them, but Raymond Lull—a blank. Raymond Lull was the greatest apostle of love since John. He gave

the world the greatest sentence on love, next to John's, that was ever uttered—"He that loves not lives not." And that sentence moved and motivated his whole life. He was the greatest missionary in holy daring and doing since Paul. And yet our knowledge of him is practically nil. Yet he made such a lasting impact and impression on the world that his own Church condemned him and his books one hundred and sixty-three years after his death. And to-day his name is still anathema to the Jesuit Order. It takes a man to do that. Let us quickly and briefly outline his life that we may have at least a working knowledge of it, of him. He was born of wealthy parents. Riches have ruined more young men than they have redeemed. That is what they did to Raymond Lull. He lived a life of dissipation, dissolution. When thirty-two years of age one night the Saviour appeared to him as plainly and as certainly as He appeared to Paul on the way to Damascus. His conversion was as striking as Paul's. Like Paul, too, he went into retirement after his conversion for soul meditation, preparation. Nobody knows for how many years. As nobody knows for how many years Paul went into retirement. And like Paul he became while in retirement possessed, obsessed, with a passion to preach the Gospel where Christ had never been named.

Some five hundred years before Raymond Lull's day Mohammedanism had risen and swept the East. The world had come to the end of the more than two centuries of struggle between the Christian and the

Moslem called The Crusades, for the possession of the Holy City and the Holy Land. The Mohammedan had come off more than conqueror. The cities of Northern Africa, once the very center of the Christian Church, were now wholly Moslem. Every Christian hated the Mohammedan. Every Christian gladly took up the sword against the Mohammedan. Every Christian killed the Mohammedan and counted he was doing God's service in so hating and so killing. But no Christian before Raymond Lull had ever raised the question, Shall we evangelize the Mohammedan, shall we pray for him, shall we attempt to convert him to Christ, shall we love him? And when Raymond Lull announced that he must devote his life to carrying the Gospel to the Mohammedan of the Barbary cities his family protested that his life would pay the price of his mistaken zeal. His acquaintances and neighbours called him mad and declared that his death would be his only reward. His one and only and final answer to all was, "He that loves not lives not, and he that lives that life cannot die." Why, that parallels Paul's "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." They called Paul a fool, a zealot, mad, and they called Raymond Lull the same, and they were the same kind of fools—"fools for Christ's sake." And they were the same kind of zealots, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." And both were the same kind of mad men, they "counted not their life dear unto themselves."

Paul was the learned man of his time. Paul was the logician of his century. Paul was the scholar of

his day. And Raymond Lull of his. Raymond Lull was as myriad minded a man as ever lived. He left behind him hundreds of volumes, the fruitage of pen and brain, and covering realm after realm. In 1295 he wrote a work on navigation which was not superseded by a better until after Christopher Columbus. In fact Christopher Columbus received his primal naval information and inspiration from Raymond Lull. He invented a mariner's compass. He wrote treatises on chemistry centuries before Faraday the father of modern chemistry lived. He wrote works on astronomy and mathematics. He wrote one on squaring the circle, medicine, philosophy, poems, novels, proverbs, metaphysics, jurisprudence. Among his seven volumes on medicine is one on the use of the mind in curing the sick. That sounds up to date. And he wrote a book on the effect of climate on diseases. This is why Angelenos are sure their city is going to become the greatest city on earth. And now to end this endless list and to end this section of this chapter, he wrote sixty-three volumes on theology. And these were not dry as the dust volumes but fragrant with the passion of the Man of Calvary who tasted death for every man. And Raymond Lull was the first of his day to see that "every man" included the Mohammedan. His declaration that he must go with the gospel of love to the Mohammedan, immediately following those years of warfare against the Mohammedan, struck as popular a response as a like declaration would have in 1918, to go to the German with the gospel of love. The Christian world in 1318

repeated John 3:16 thus: "God so loved the world—all except Mohammedans." In 1918 we repeated it the same way only substituting Germans for Mohammedans.

This man was not only one of the most scholarly and learned men of his day but he didn't rush himself or his few followers across the Mediterranean into a mad mission to the Mohammedans unprepared. He first set himself to master the Arabic language of the Moslem. No other teacher being available he employed a Moslem slave. One day in the midst of their studies this young Moslem blasphemed the name of Christ. No other mortal can speak as vulgar words against the Christ as the Moslem. Raymond Lull stung to the quick, in his sudden and strong indignation struck the young Mohammedan in the face with force. The Mohammedan stung to the quick drew a weapon and attempted to kill Raymond Lull. He did severely wound him. The young Mohammedan was imprisoned and fearing the consequences committed suicide. Raymond Lull in his sensitive soul chided himself as being only and altogether to blame. He felt and saw that he had not yet learned his lesson, "He that loves not lives not." For days after the young Mohammedan's death he was in the slough of despond, crying with Paul, "When I would do good evil has me, who can deliver me from this body of death?" He prayed, "Let patience have her perfect work." At last he came out of the furnace purified, all dross consumed. He went to the Universities of Paris, Oxford and others, where he studied not only

Arabic but geography—the geography of the Mohammedan lands, the lives and customs and literature, particularly the literature of the Moslem that he might meet him on his own ground.

Up in the heights above Palma, amid the olive trees older than was Methuselah, he established a school to teach his own pupils what he had learned. That old building that he erected has been for years a palace, the castle of Miramar, the winter home of the late Archduke of Austria. In 1291 he set sail for North Africa to throw himself, as one of his day described it, into that den of Mohammedan wolves. Raymond Lull is the first man of history to ever venture among the Mohammedans without a sword. He went armed only with the Sword of the Spirit. He landed at Tunis. He laboured in Tunis. He loved the Mohammedans of Tunis. But he received for it only stripes without number. He was cast into prison. He was reviled. He was rejected. He was all but crucified. He was sentenced to death, but one lone Mohammedan official impressed with Raymond Lull's unselfish earnestness and interest and utter abandon and devotion, secured for him a sentence of deportation rather than death. He is chained in a ship and sent back home.

Again in 1307, now seventy-one years old, despite the tears and pleadings of his family and friends, he is away again to North Africa. We will save us the recital of what this apostle of love suffered at Mohammedan hands. There is nothing kind about the Mohammedan, only cruelty, especially toward women.

Wherever Christianity has gone it has enthroned woman, deified woman, made woman the queen of hearts and home and heaven. Are you looking for the argument unanswerable for foreign missions? Woman is that argument. When Jesus Christ on the cross said to John, "Behold thy mother," He crowned woman.

Again and again Raymond Lull is thrust into prison. No man in the twentieth century has an imagination wild enough to picture the Mohammedan prisons of Africa six hundred years ago. Again he is deported. But his passion for Mohammedan souls pushes him and again in 1314 he is in Africa. Now he is seventy-eight years old. This time he is compelled to go in secret to get in at all. The next year, on June 30, as with face shining like the face of an angel he pleads the love of Him who loved to the uttermost, that infuriated Mohammedan mob gave him what that mad mob in Jerusalem gave Stephen, a shower of stones, and looking up into heaven, as Stephen, he cried, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." And Raymond Lull, apostle of love, fell asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep. His poor broken body was rescued and carried across the blue sea and laid to rest in the sanctuary in the Church of San Francisco in beautiful Palma, Majorca, in the Balearic Islands. And the multitude that passed by that bier in blinding tears whispered out of their hearts, "He that loves not lives not, and he that lives that life cannot die."

Let us recall for ourselves that Raymond Lull was a layman. He was not a preacher but only a layman.

A layman of the thirteenth century. What about the layman of the twentieth century? Ten such laymen would stir a city. One hundred such laymen would capture a state. A thousand such laymen would conquer a country. O laymen of the twentieth century, He would baptize you with the passion and power of Raymond Lull, of Jesus of Nazareth.

Raymond Lull was a Catholic. Of course if he were a member of any Church it would have to be the Roman Catholic for there was no other Church then. He was born a Roman Catholic, brought up and educated a Roman Catholic. And the Roman Catholic Church then, speaking for its official head, is not easy for a modern to even imagine. One of the Popes of Raymond Lull's day was deposed for incest, perjury, murder and blasphemy. Two others had concubines of such notorious public character that even those who were given to such practices, protested. Pope Innocent IX was one of the most cruel tyrants of his or any other day. Pope Nicolas III was of such gross immoral character that Dante consigned him to his Inferno. If Raymond Lull could come out of that environment like a Zinzendorf with but one passion, "He," what flaming evangelists ought not we to be, rooted and fruited in our glorious Protestantism. Of John the Baptist 'tis writ, He was a burning and shining light. So should we be.

Raymond Lull told but one story, as Paul, his experience. He told the Mohammedans what Christ had done for him. That was the power and secret of the on sweep of early Christianity and early Method-

ism. He stood before those Mohammedan crowds and testified

*"He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me."*

And again and lastly, that it may last, Raymond Lull was the greatest apostle of love in the measure of a millennium. "He that loves not lives not." "O love that will not let me go." "His banner over me is love." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love and with loving kindness have I drawn thee." "Jesus lover of my soul."

IV

CYPRUS AND BROTHER BARNABAS:

THE STORY OF A SON OF CONSOLATION

And so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus.

—ACTS 15: 39.

THE Island of Cyprus is the third largest in the Mediterranean. In the order of size they are Sicily, Sardinia and Cyprus. If you can picture a great ox-hide rumped and flung on the sea—that's Cyprus. It is 40 miles south of Asia Minor and 60 miles west of Syria. The extreme length from the nose of that ox-hide to its tail is 140 miles. Its extreme width is 60 miles. It is three-fourths the size of Connecticut, 3,584 square miles. It has a population of about one-third of a million, one-third of which are Mohammedan. It is easy to pick out the Mohammedan spots. As everywhere they are mildewed spots.

Historically. Its history runs so far back that nobody knows the beginning. But it was conquered by Thothmes III of Egypt about 1500 B. C. It was taken by the Assyrians 800 B. C. Then Cambyzes of Persia took it from the Assyrians 600 B. C. It later fell under the hand of Alexander the Great. Then Rome captured it and love-sick Mark Anthony presented it to Cleopatra. It was seized by Richard the Lion-hearted 1191 A. D. in connection with The Crusades. And finally when the Crusaders lost all at their last

stand at Acre they fled to Cyprus and made it their stronghold. But the Turks wrested it from them in 1570 and held it until it was ceded to Great Britain under treaty July 11, 1878. When in 1570 the Turks took it, having captured Nicosia the capital, they celebrated their victory by butchering twenty thousand of its inhabitants.

Physically. Two mountain ranges fling themselves across the Island and reach a height of six thousand feet. Once the Island was heavily timbered but it was long ago denuded of its forests by the Greek monarchs to build their fleets and it is now practically timberless, except for sparse palms and Eucalyptus. The capital Nicosia, the largest town, with a present population of seventeen thousand, is situated in the center of the Island in the midst of a barren plain on the river Pedros, which is dry nine-tenths of the year. Its streets are narrow and winding. It is the seat of the British Government and of the Archbishopric of the Greek Church.

Copper mining was the chief industry of the past and has recently been revived. In fact Cyprus is simply the Greek word for copper. There are also asbestos and gypsum mines. There are a large number of salt beds which are made by letting the sea into sunken sections and then damming up the entrance and then letting the water evaporate. The natives raise cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys, mules, chiefly. They produce cheese, silk, lace, thread and fine needlework. But the largest single industry is the carob pods. That is the kind of pods the Prodigal Son tried

to feed himself on when he was living with the swine. The natives raise these pods by the ton and ship them in bags to England, Spain, France, Egypt, for cattle food. They also manufacture some of them into syrup and sweets. Oranges, lemons, olives and pomegranates are also produced in considerable quantity. There is extensive basket weaving which is done by hand. The baskets are used to ship the fruits. Plows are mostly one handled, bringing to mind Christ's remark, "He that putteth his hand—not hands—to the plow." The people toil terribly, especially the women. They do most of the manual labour, even to breaking stones for the roads. They do their washing with their feet, spreading their clothes out on the bank of a stream and stamping the dirt out of them. Little children ride donkeys backward, holding on to a sort of horn fastened by a strap around the donkey's girth. But this is not the only backward thing in the land. The Island lays claim to 850 miles of good motor roads, and two thousand miles of passable roads. They are passable only when they are impassable, also impossible, which is most of the time. There are no telephones, and telegraphs exist only in the larger towns.

With the exception of the capital the chief towns are on the seashore, on all sides. This is natural, for the heat in the interior is intense, especially in the summer. As you skirt the shores you come to many interesting spots and places. There is Kyrenia on the north coast. It is the Island's spring resort. The hotel proprietor was formerly chef in the Hotel

Knickerbocker, New York. As you sit down to the well laden table you are served with shredded wheat made in Niagara Falls, sweet potatoes grown in New Jersey, bread baked from Dakota wheat, beefsteak from Chicago, apples from Oregon, and asparagus from California. Since you buy eighteen native oranges for a cent you drink native orange juice. Westward a bit from Kyrenia you come to Belle Paise, meaning "Sweet Peace" or "Lovely Land," and it lives up to its name.

Each town is strikingly different from each and every other. For example Larnaka on the south coast abounds in tombs. It sort of specializes in tombs. The most famous tomb in the Island is here, that of Umm Haram, a relative of Mohammed, whom he called mother. This is the holiest Moslem shrine in Cyprus. The epitaph on the tomb informs the traveler that she "fell from a beast, broke her pellucid neck and yielded her victorious soul and forthwith in this fragrant spot was buried." The dates on the tombstones here and everywhere reveal that summer is the terrible death-dealing season, and also that for the most part people die young, very young. The mortality among babies is appalling.

Religion. Many are the evidences throughout the Island that, as always through all ages, man has ever been dominated by religious instincts and impulses. Through their terrible toil the people look forward to the Church and its weekly services as the one bright spot of their bedrabbed and bedraggled lives. The highest mountain peak is named "The Hill of the

Holy Cross." And there it towers six thousand feet high speaking out of the skies, "In the cross of Christ I glory," "When I survey the wondrous cross." At Lambousa on the north coast in what was once an ancient stone quarry there's a huge rock hewed out into a quaint chapel, with walls three feet thick. It is so ancient that no antiquarian ventures at a date. There is also here and everywhere church architecture of all periods—Greek, Latin and Byzantine, every style, ancient and modern. Salamis on the east coast, where Paul and Barnabas landed from Syria on their first missionary journey is six miles from the city of Famagusta. Salamis is now in ruins, having been destroyed by the Arabs 647 A. D. But when Paul and Barnabas landed it was a great Roman city with vast forums and markets. One of its forums was so large that Famagusta was originally mostly built of the stone from it. Once within a radius of six miles Salamis had a Christian Church for every day of the year, 365 in number. Now it is a graveyard of old and ruined churches. So far as known no other spot on earth ever had so many churches in an equal area. How came they? Paul and Barnabas is the answer, especially Barnabas.

These two missionaries left Antioch, Syria, and came down to the coast of Seleucia and took ship for Cyprus. Why Cyprus? Because it was Barnabas' home. He was a native Cyprian. They landed at Salamis where, according to Dr. Luke's story they preached in the Synagogues of the Jews, and then went the length of the Island, doubtless

preaching everywhere as they went, and came at last to Paphos on the west coast; whence later they sailed to Asia Minor, that great missionary field of Paul's. But at Paphos this happened:

"And when they had gone through the isle unto Paphos, they found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-jesus;

Which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man; who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the word of God.

But Elymas the sorcerer (for so is his name by interpretation) withstood them, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith.

Then Saul, (who also is called Paul,) filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him,

And said, O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?

And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand.

Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord."

Up to the hour that Paul and Barnabas landed at Paphos it was the center of Venus worship. Venus was the goddess of beauty, also of licentiousness and fleshly love. Ancient coins that have been found show her as a naked female. One's imagination easily reveals to what lengths, rather to what depths that worship led. The head of the state was also the head of the church. And here was the great temple of this

goddess of fleshly love. But the day that Paul preached and Sergius Paulus was converted that sounded the death knell of Venus worship, as that day Paul preached in Ephesus sounded the death knell of the worship of Diana of the Ephesians. And as also that other time when Paul attacked with the Gospel that stronghold of spiritualism and so many were converted it broke up the whole spiritualistic camp and they piled their paraphernalia in the street and burned it, and the pile was so great it represented more than fifty thousand pieces of silver in value. Then as now and now as then the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Following this there is a great spread of Christianity through the Island but not by the labours of Paul, but by the labours of Barnabas. On this first missionary trip a young man, John Mark, went with Paul and Barnabas but when they landed on the shores of Asia Minor he was seized with such fear that he left and went back to Jerusalem with the greatest haste possible. When Paul and Barnabas came to start on their second missionary journey Barnabas wanted to give the young man a second chance. Paul would have none of it. He forgot how God gave him a second chance. And so they parted asunder and Paul took Silas and went on his second missionary journey, and Barnabas took the young man Mark and sailed to Cyprus. From snatches in First Corinthians and Galatians, and from indelible stamps and records on ruins of churches almost without number in Cyprus, and by many invaluable proofs we know that Barnabas

left his mark, rather the mark of the Lord Jesus, everywhere in Cyprus.

Is it not strange that the man who was the greatest factor and force in the early days of the Christian Church we know the least about? At Lystra when on their first missionary journey, when that hopeless cripple was cured those Roman heathen exclaimed, "The gods have come down among us." And they called Barnabas, Jupiter. And Jupiter? The chief Roman deity, the head god, the superior, the leader, the god over all. These heathen peoples coming into contact with Paul and Barnabas the first time didn't call Paul that, they called Barnabas that. And Barnabas was that. Even Paul recognized the great labours of Barnabas, for long years after when writing his first letter to the Corinthians he recognized them and eulogizes him.

What was the center of the Jewish Christian Church? Jerusalem. What was the center of the Gentile Christian Church? Antioch, away up in northern Syria. Who were the influential class at Antioch? Greeks. Dr. Luke tells us all about it in the eleventh chapter of Acts. And missionaries came to Antioch, and from where? Jerusalem? Not from that Jewish center. For the Christians in Jerusalem were Jewish, though they were Christians. When the Christians at Jerusalem, who had been Jews, heard of the conversion of Cornelius at Cæsarea, they had some time with themselves. Missionaries went to Antioch. Not from Jerusalem but from Cyprus to preach to the Greeks there, and to others. And Luke

tells us "a great number believed and turned to the Lord." I wonder how those people in Cyprus happened to be Christians. There's plenty of course between the lines that tells us how. When you get to Heaven ask Barnabas. He knows. Howbeit in his modesty he may not be willing to confess.

And when it was learned that a revival was on at Antioch Barnabas rushed up to take charge. The revival spread and spread. It was too much for one man. So Barnabas left the revival long enough to go to Tarsus, which was no short journey, and persuaded Paul to go back with him to help. What was Paul doing at Tarsus? Nothing. Paul was converted and then he went to Tarsus, and probably to his old job of tent making. How long? Nobody knows. All we know is that Barnabas rescued Paul from doing nothing and made him, gave him to the world, its greatest missionary, and preacher, and author, and founder of churches. Barnabas did that.

Paul went with Barnabas to Antioch and flung himself into the work and the revival swept on daily for a whole year, such is the record, and multitudes were converted. "And the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch." That's where we got our name. Those heathen people watched those disciples, they so lived like Christ, so walked like Christ, so talked like Christ, so worked like Christ, that those heathen people called them "Christ-ians," little Christs.

A famine spread throughout Palestine and Jerusalem. Paul and Barnabas took up a collection at Antioch for the poor Christians at Jerusalem, and

every man gave "according to his ability," literally "utmost." Mark it well. All gave and all gave to their utmost. And when the collection is ready to be sent to Jerusalem, by whose hand was it sent? Only one man received a vote and he, the unanimous vote, Brother Barnabas. And when he came back from Jerusalem the Holy Spirit called for Barnabas and Paul to become the first missionaries of the cross in this world.

And note that the Holy Spirit puts them in this order, "Barnabas and Saul." Not "Saul and Barnabas." Barnabas first, chief, leader. A most striking thing about this man Barnabas was that Barnabas was not his name at all. His mother didn't name him Barnabas. His mother named him Joseph. His fellow disciples named him, renamed him Barnabas. Why Barnabas? "Barnabas, which being interpreted is 'the Son of Consolation.'" And that word thus translated is the word Comforter. The disciples, his fellow labourers, the members of the Antioch Church, his neighbours said, "The name his mother gave him is a good name and honourable—Joseph—what history clusters around that name, but it isn't good enough for him. What shall we call him?" With hushed voices and reverent spirits they named him after the Holy Spirit. They call him "The Comforter," the paraclete, the strengthener, the helper, the advocate, the defender. Never before and never since was a man thus named. And when they told Barnabas his new name he must have lain on his face all night and cried, "O God, help me to live up to my name."

If there is any one thing this poor old world needs, needs as it needs nothing else, it is Barnabases, comforters, helpers, strengtheners, pleaders, prayers, healers. Those who will heal hurt hearts. Those who will help crushed lives. Those who will sing strange songs to soothe the troubled breast. Those who will lift burdens off of breaking backs—and breaking hearts. Those who will be Good Samaritans pouring in oil and wine and healing. Those who will dry the hot tears ploughing down the furrowed cheek of humanity. Those who will bring help and hope and happiness to men's bodies, to their minds, but above all to their souls. In Jeremiah God asks, "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel?" In Isaiah He answers, "The glorious God hath been to us a place of broad rivers." Which have we been—a wilderness or a river? The world is so full of scorching deserts and so needs those who will be to blistered and thirsting humanity, broad and cool and refreshing rivers of living and satisfying water. Those who will raise up and strengthen the fallen. Those who will rescue the perishing, care for the dying, snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; pleaders, prayers, comforters—above all comforters. Who would dare name me or thee, the Comforter? Who would think of doing it? And the world is so poor in Barnabases and so needs them. And the record says, "Barnabas was a good man and full of the Holy Spirit and full of faith and of good works." "Full of the Holy Spirit"—over full. His cup wasn't only full but running over and

it o'erspilt over the world and blessed the world. And two thousand years after Barnabas' body was dust a company of us stood among the ruins of Salamis, yes, stood in the ruins of the church named Barnabas, and thanked God that Barnabas ever lived, whose name and whose life was a synonym of the Holy Spirit.

*"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.*

*Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.*

*In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.*

*And shall we then forever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!*

*Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."*

V

SHIPWRECKED ON MALTA

And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita (Malta).—ACTS 28: 1.

THE island of Malta lies in the Mediterranean sixty miles south of Sicily. Compared to Sicily, Sardinia, Cyprus, and many other islands of the Mediterranean, it is but a tiny speck of less than one hundred square miles. But more history has been enacted on Malta than on all other islands of the world. It lies midway in the Mediterranean, both east and west and north and south, and is and always has been the crossroads and the natural naval base of the nations. As the wash up of the World War there may now be seen in Malta, as in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, "men out of every nation under heaven."

Physically, one climbs up or down everywhere. It is the place of endless steps. Byron, who was club footed and therefore ups and downs were not easy for him, called it "A place of cursed steps." Some one else has characterized it as the place of "bells, yells and smells." It is coral in formation and pre-historic in history. Remains of both men and buildings are here found that reach back so many thousands of years that no historian or archæologist even

pretends to fix a date. These historic people were long skulled and of less than medium height. There is plenty of evidence here that man passed through the stone age, the iron age, and all the other ages.

The present population is a third of a million, with a heavy per cent. of goers and comers. The chief town is Valetta with fifty thousand people. During the Crusades their headquarters were here and at Rhodes. Churches, defenses, fortifications, residences of the Crusade period exist in abundance on both Islands. What interesting buildings we saw on the Island of Rhodes relating to the Crusade times, and on Malta the same. What odd and strange chapels and churches here. One church is decorated with thirty-three thousand skulls, skulls of thirty-three thousand knights who lost their lives in defense of Valetta and the Island of Malta. The Church of St. John is one of the richest in the world. Walter Scott calls it "The most magnificent Church in the world." What St. Mark's is to Venice, St. Peter's to Rome, St. Paul's to London, St. John's is to Malta. It is a marvelous composition of mausoleum, museum, minster, mosaic, marble. The gates to it are of silver. Upon the sudden coming of Napoleon Bonaparte the Knights hastily painted the gates to disguise them, but Napoleon quickly discovered the camouflage and carried them away. Years later the Knights redeemed them at a great price. Over the portals is a statue of the Prince of Peace, the Preacher of Peace. It is a worth-while personal question, are we blood descendants of the Prince of Peace?

For two hundred and sixty-eight years the Knights had possessed and beautified their island home until the sudden coming of Napoleon in 1798. He said, "Ah, this is the key to the Mediterranean!" And he proceeded to put the key in his pocket. The Knights were given three days to evacuate. They were broken, scattered and flung afar into England, Scotland, France, Germany. The Knights of Malta not only took their name from the Island but here the Order was born during those bloody centuries when Christians from Europe were battling for the Holy City and the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. The Knights combined the characteristics of saint and soldier, meekness and militancy. They were compelled to do so for it was war to the death between the cross and the crescent.

These Knights of Malta swore to possess and practice three virtues, though I am not so certain that the twentieth century would call them virtues—Poverty, Chastity, Obedience.

Poverty. True followers of Him who had not where to lay His head; of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister; of Him who emptied Himself; of Him who "though rich for your sakes he became poor;" of Him who came to give rather than to get; of Him who poured Himself out without stint. The early Knight like the early Christian "sold his possessions and goods and parted to every man as he had need. And neither said any of them that ought that he possessed was his own."

Self-denial, not self-seeking. Their life motto, to

be nothing, to possess nothing for Christ's sake; to give that others might get, might have. Like George Washington in rags and starvation and suffering and sacrifice, giving himself at Valley Forge, and Brandywine, and Camden and Trenton, that others might get and have America. Like our Lord in Gethsemane sweating life blood, dying, forsaken on Calvary, giving all that others might get all good, even God. A true Knight counted that life consisteth not in the abundance of things which one possesseth.

Chastity. The early Knights swore to lead a life pure, clean, chaste, white. It was the boast of early Knights that a Knight would die rather than defile himself. The age was foul—the foulest. His life was pure—the purest. Therefore it was not the environment that did it but the heart. “Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are life's streams.” As the heart so is the man. Like the white lily that floats on the green and slimy pond. It is not the filthy pond that gives it its whiteness but the character and heart of the lily. “The fault is not in the stars but in ourselves.” Clean hands are good, and clean clothes; clean hearts are best. The Gulf Stream cuts its way across the foul sea untouched and untarnished, preserving a current of its own, a colour of its own, a character of its own. A true Knight dare die but he dare not defile himself. His life said louder than his lips, “Make others great, keep me pure.”

Obedience. Upon becoming a Knight of Malta, or rather in order to become a Knight the candidate swore that he would go anywhere, do anything, do

without anything. Courage, bravery, loyalty, obedience. They are big words in a Knight's vocabulary. Like the old Guard at Waterloo, a Knight could die but a Knight never surrendered. When his sword was too short he made it longer by adding a step. Like the Grecian heroes he came back with his shield or on it, triumphant, or dead. He dared to do and he dared to die. He took upon him the whole armour of God. He floated on his banner, "No compromise." He had moral muscle. There wasn't one Samson among them. Samson had enough meat-muscle for a whole town. He hadn't enough moral-muscle to make a wax doll. The Knight possessed the swing of victory. "Trust and obey." The Knight had no other way. To be loyal to Jesus meant to him to "trust and obey." No will of his own, no way of his own, no wish of his own. Life meant nothing to him save only as it meant loyalty to the Lord.

But the Malta story of chiefest interest to all Christian students is this:

"And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Malta. And the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold.

And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand.

And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hang on his hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live. And he

shook the beast into the fire, and felt no harm. Howbeit they looked when he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly; but after they had looked a great while, they saw no harm come to him, and they changed their minds, and said that he was a god.

In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously. And it came to pass, that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux; to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him.

So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed; Who also honoured us with many honours; and when we departed, they laded us with such things as were necessary. And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux."

When it says that these people were barbarians it only means that they were not Romans or Greeks. At that time there were but three classes of people, Romans, Greeks and Barbarians. Luke who gives us this thrilling story tells us in it that these barbarians "showed us no little kindness." "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted." When that viper fastened itself on Paul's hand the natives said, "Ah, a murderer, but though he has escaped the sea, vengeance will not suffer him to live." That's the crowd for you—jumping at conclusions, judging from appearances. Then when Paul didn't fall down dead the crowd completely veered and exclaimed, "He is a god!" He who builds his life's happiness on the foam of the crowd is doomed to crushing disappointment.

To-day the crowd with waving palms shouts, "Hosanna, hosanna." To-morrow the same crowd cries, "Crucify him, crucify him." We learn from the story the governor of the Island's name was Publius. Strikingly strange the chief names of things—towns, buildings, streets, people, to-day throughout the Island are Publius and Paul. Character leaves an indelible stamp.

"After three months we departed." What was Paul doing in Malta those three months? All who know Paul do not need three guesses—only one. As his Master he was going about doing good—healing, helping, saving, serving.

How chanced Paul here, to be here? A shipwreck is the answer. How many were on that ship? Two hundred and seventy-six. When the storm laid hold of that ship as boys toss a marble, how many were scared nigh unto death? Two hundred and seventy-five. That leaves only one unaccounted for. Who then was that lone one, that calm and sunlit face? The question is answered before it is asked. And the explanation? "I exhort you brethren to be of good cheer," so spake Paul unto the two hundred and seventy-five. Why good cheer and how, in an Euroclydon that stripped the sails into shreds and shivered the masts into splinters? What could possibly be the grounds for good cheer in such an hour and such a state? Here it is, hear Paul speak: "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not, Paul. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God.'" The secret

is out. He is the God not of the sunshine—though He is that, but of the shadows. He is the God not of the day—though He is that, but of the night. He is the God not of peace time—though He is that, but of the battle time. He is the God not of the full basket—though He is that, but the God of the empty larder. He is the God not of the calm—though He is that, but of the storm. He is the God of the shipwreck. That is the God we need—the God of the shadows, the God for the night, the God for the battle, the God for the stress, the God for the storm, the God for the shipwreck.

*"We're a happy pilgrim band
Sailing to the goodly land,
With a swelling sail we onward sweep.
Though the tempest rages long
There is One among the throng
Who will guide us safely o'er the deep.*

*When the mighty billows swell,
With the saved it shall be well
Though the breakers roar upon the lea.
Rolling waves shall not o'erwhelm
For we've Jesus at the helm,
And He'll guide us safely o'er the sea.*

*Though for many ages past
She has braved the stormy blast,
She's the old ship of Zion as of yore.
Safe amid the rocks and shoals,
She has landed many souls
Safe at home on Canaan's happy shore."*

He is wise who gets aboard the good old ship Zion. Behold the compass—the Bible. Behold the guiding light—the star of Bethlehem. Behold the Captain—the Christ. With such a compass, such a star, such a Captain, sailing life's seas, one can laugh at the storm, knowing that the good old ship will plow the billows and land him safe at home at last. He offers you free passage. Receive it now. Receive it thou.

VI

ANTIOCH GLORIOUS AND INGLORIOUS

Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen travelled as far as * * * Antioch, preaching the word * * * And some of them * * * when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus.—ACTS II: 19, 20.

ANTIOCH is several hundred miles north of Jerusalem. When we read of certain disciples going to and fro from Jerusalem to Antioch we naturally think of it as being possibly a day or two's journey. Lo, it must have been a journey that stretched into weeks. Antioch is twenty miles inland from the Mediterranean, on the south bank of the Orontes River, which runs north from Baalbek where there are some of the most magnificent ruins in this world. From Baalbek the Orontes River runs northward near two hundred miles, and then suddenly makes a sharp curve to the left and flows to the sea. In that bend Antioch was built. Immediately to the south of Antioch is the most perfect cone-shaped mountain probably in the world, Mount Casius, six thousand feet high. The ancients believed Casius to be the home of the gods. If so the gods showed good taste. It is a mountain of rare beauty. Antioch was at the head of the Valley of Mesopotamia, a valley most rich and easily capable of supporting a popula-

tion of fifty million. For a thousand years Antioch was the capital ruling this vast valley that lies between the Euphrates and the Tigris. This is supposed to have been the region of the Garden of Eden. Its lay and richness and productive possibilities are so great, no wonder it was called the Garden of God.

Seleucus the favourite General of Alexander the Great, and one of the four to inherit his kingdom, was the founder of Antioch, as well as Seleucia its seaport, twenty miles away. It was from the harbour of Seleucia that Paul and Barnabas sailed on their first missionary journey. Seleucus having conquered all of the Syrian country proceeded, as conquerors were wont to do, to build cities and name them after himself or his family. He thus built and named thirty-four, nine for himself and sixteen for his father, Antiochus, whence the name of Antioch. He named six for his mother, Laodicea, and three for his Persian wife, Apamea. In the largest city bearing the latter name Seleucus placed five hundred elephants that he brought from India, and had here his stable of thirty thousand mares and three hundred stallions. These figures indicate the vast scale on which these early conquerors did things.

He made Antioch such a center of everything conceivable that it was spoken of everywhere as "Antioch the Glorious," or "The Gate of the Sea," or "The Crown of the Orient." With its luxury soon came a flood of licentiousness, lewdness and debauchery unequaled. Ben Hur tells us something of the depths of its immorality. It became so corrupt that even

far-off Rome, which already was so corrupt one can scarcely imagine its being corrupted, protested through one of her statesmen, "The Orontes has flowed into the Tiber." But so magnificent was Antioch physically and artistically that no wonder that the thousands that poured in and out its gates called her "The Glorious."

The city was some four by three and a half miles, lying on the plateau that gradually slopes down to the Orontes on the north. According to Strabo, the ancient historian and geographer, the city was divided into four parts. There was one long main street running through the city from east to west, and at each end a great gate. The east gate was later named "The Gate of St. Paul." It was still standing forty-five years ago but has now all been removed and the stones used for buildings; more's the pity. The western gate was called "The Gate of the Cherubim." Over it Titus placed the cherubim which he took from the Temple in Jerusalem when he destroyed it in the year 70 A. D. The other streets ran parallel to this center main street, or at right angles to it.

The whole city was surrounded by a great wall some seventy feet high, and so broad that four horses and chariots could be driven abreast on it. It was surmounted by 360 towers. At night the streets were so brilliantly illumined that visitors and natives alike spoke of the main street as "The Great White Way." And there is where we got the expression. The city was filled with rare statues in marble and bronze. St. Chrysostom who lived when Antioch was in the

height of her glory gives the population as two hundred thousand. This does not include children or slaves or visitors, of which there were always countless thousands. So that the historians tell us that the population was probably more than six hundred thousand. Antioch was the victim of many earthquakes. Between 150 B. C. and 500 A. D. ten severe earthquakes were recorded. And since then it has had many earthquakes. Fully two hundred and fifty thousand lives were destroyed in one of the worst.

Antioch early became a Roman city. Then in 635 A. D. the Mohammedans took it, and in 1098 the Crusaders. It was held by them until 1268, when it was captured by the Sultan of Egypt. But the ancient Antioch departed when the Persians captured it in 538 A. D. In the great theater of the city, which was an open air theater filled with thousands of applauding people, a popular actor being on the stage, all of a sudden he pointed to the back of the audience and yelled, "The Persians are coming." The crowd thought it was a part of the play and loudly applauded it when lo! the Persians were on them and the slaughter was terrible.

Antioch is a place of many magnificent ruins. Among them the ruins of the Pillar Worshipers. One Simeon was the founder of the sect. First he lived on a pillar six feet high. Then he had sections added to it until it was sixty feet high. And he lived on top of that pillar for thirty years, never coming down. His followers took food and water up to him by the means of long ladders. Churches were built

to his memory, the ruins of which are in evidence on every hand. A visit to Antioch confirms one in the belief that freak religions are nothing new, and the freakier the greater the following—temporarily.

When Christianity was brought to Antioch it was at the height of its immoral practices and worship. It worshiped the gods of lust and licentiousness. But so rapidly did Christianity spread and so completely did it reform society by regenerating the people that when that apostate Roman Emperor, Julian, came to offer sacrifices and tried to revive the ancient customs, instead of the former great processions and hundreds of altar victims, the ceremony was attended by one lone priest and he brought one lone goose for an offering.

When at Jerusalem the seven deacons were chosen to attend to the temporalities of the Church, of which Stephen was the first, one of the seven was Nicolas a proselyte of Antioch. That is, a convert from Antioch. On the day of Pentecost among the eighteen or more languages and countries present at Jerusalem, Antioch was in the list. Doubtless Nicolas was converted on the day of Pentecost.

When persecution arose in Jerusalem and the disciples were scattered in every direction certain ones who had come from Cyprus went as far north as Antioch, and then there broke out the greatest revival of the early Church. When news came to the Church at Jerusalem of the Antiochan revival they sent Barnabas up to investigate and inspect. This wise, and sympathetic, and broad-minded and large-souled

leader, came and saw and approved. He took charge of the revival. It spread and spread. It became too great for one man's direction and, as stated in the preceding chapter, Barnabas went to Tarsus where Paul was living and labouring, doubtless as a tent maker, to urge him to come to Antioch and aid in the revival work. Though Paul had been converted ten years and was now forty-four years of age, he had not yet launched out into his great life-work as the apostle and preacher to the Gentile world. Barnabas and Paul had not seen each other for seven years. But when Barnabas tells Paul what is happening at Antioch he immediately drops his tent-making tools, and across the country with Barnabas he goes and plunges into the work at Antioch. And under their combined labours and leadership the revival reaches out and sweeps on. It is the talk of the shop, of the mart, of the street. Paul and Barnabas and the thousands of converts talk so much of Christ, Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ ascended, Christ reigning, that one day some supercilious, sarcastic, stiff-necked heathen, as noted in the chapter immediately preceding, nicknamed the disciples, "Christians." Of course these heathen in dubbing the disciples Christians were in their mind calling them Christ fanatics, Christ followers, Christ worshipers, Christs. And the name stuck.

Strange enough the word Christian occurs but three times in the whole Bible. Here for the first time, then years later when Paul stood before Agrippa, pleading not so much for his own liberty as for

Agrippa's soul. Agrippa cries, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Peter exhorts, "If any one suffer as a Christian let him not be ashamed, but glorify God." Of course this implies and indicates that plenty had already suffered as Christians. It is worthy of note that at this time there was a political party, "the Herodians." These people at Antioch did not name the disciples after or for some political party, as the Herodians. There was also at this time a philosophical school, "the Aristotelians," but they did not name the disciples after them. Nor did they name them Jesuits, after the man Jesus, Jesus the son of Mary. Nor did they name them Galileans, though in Jerusalem they had been so dubbed because Jesus was from Galilee. In sheer ignorance of its significance their heathen enemies called the disciples after the name of the anointed Son of God, Christ, Christians.

This first great Gentile Christian Church in the Gentile world, what a revelation it is for the twentieth century Church, and what a model and pattern.

It was an evangelistic Church. "And the hand of the Lord was with them and a great number turned to the Lord." "And a great multitude was added to the Lord."

I can conceive of no more wholesome, profitable exercise for ourselves than the re-reading of the story of this first Gentile Church. How it would warm and stir our own souls with a new fervour! These early Christians went everywhere telling what a dear Saviour they had found. Out of Antioch came some

of the world's greatest evangelists. One was Chrysostom. They called him Saint Chrysostom. There was a saint who was a saint. His name means the golden mouthed. So eloquent was he for Christ that the Jews, the heretics, the Greeks, the Gentiles, all flocked to hear him. We are reliably informed that not fewer than one-half of all the people of Antioch in Chrysostom's time were Christians. Imagine one-half of the population of any great American city in the twentieth century actually, really Christians. Not simply Christians in the census, which means simply not to rank ourselves with infidels, atheists or heathen, but Christians in the Christ sense.

Such a Christian center did Antioch become that ten church councils met here in the measure of one hundred and thirty years. Not only was Saint Chrysostom, Antiochian, but many other great leaders came from here, as Marcellus, Libanus, Ignatius, of whom we haven't space even to speak a line.

O Church of the living God! O Church of the twentieth century! Evangelize or die. That is the message of the Church of Antioch of the first century to the Church of the twentieth century. Not to use is to lose. We must give if we would live.

The early Christian Church was the child of evangelism. The early Methodist Church, as long as she kept the evangelistic fires burning, spread and spread.

*"The call is given,
Ye hosts arrive,
Our watchword is evangelize."*

The Antioch Church was liberal. And ought not the two to go, grow, together, evangelism and liberality? The warm heart is the generous heart. The financial problem of the Church is a spiritual problem. Famine threatens the Church at Jerusalem. The Antioch Christians learn of it. Instantly some disciple arises and says, "I move we take up a collection." Everybody seconded it. Nobody said, "Now how will that affect our own collections?" Need was their only measure of neighbourhood. Need is neighbourhood. He who most needs is most my neighbour. And having taken up what proved to be a most liberal offering they send it by the hand of their beloved Barnabas to Jerusalem. And we may be assured that Barnabas was of the first to contribute and that his contribution was of the largest and the most liberal. "Like begets like."

The Antioch Church was a missionary church. The revival spreads. Soon one could hear it everywhere, "Shall we keep the good news to ourselves or shall we send it to other cities and countries?" So they commissioned a couple of their number that they could easily spare, two anybodies, to carry the good news to cities and countries beyond their borders! Not the Church at Antioch. They selected the two men that could not be spared, their two pastors, Paul and Barnabas, and set them aside by prayer and consecration to carry the Gospel to Cyprus, Iconium, Derbe, Colosse, Ephesus, Thessalonica, Berea, Corinth, Athens, Rome. It is absolutely unbelievable but true, they sent their two pastors. Wherever there is a truly

evangelistic church there is a liberal church. And wherever there is a truly evangelistic and liberal church there is a missionary church. It is one in three and three in one. They go together. When evangelism dies liberality wanes. When liberality wanes missions languish. The pulse beat of the Church of Christ in America is felt in India, China, and the far-off islands of the seas. Evangelism, liberality, missionary activity are all tied together. This is a good place to put ourselves personally on the dissecting table and see wherein we have faltered and failed and fallen from our once high estate, evangelism, liberality and missionary zeal. Any church that is anti-missions is also anti-Christ. Christ so loved the world, nothing less, nothing other, that He gave Himself and nothing less or other, that whosoever. There is for you evangelism, liberality and missionary zeal that is limited only by the bounds of the world.

The Church at Antioch was cosmopolitan. Among its members certain names are listed. One's name was Niger, our word negro. Doubtless a slave. Another was Lucius. We know that's a slave name, as Luke or Lucus was a slave name. Before the Civil War the name Sambo always meant a slave. So in these early days the name Lucus. Another member was Manaen, who it says was a foster brother of Herod. Herod the adulterer who lived with his brother's wife, whom John condemned. We all recall the story of Herodius and Salome and that bloody platter. And here is Herod's foster brother a member of the Church at Antioch. What a contrast. Herod a

voluptuary, underhanded, debased, debauched. His foster brother Manaen a member of the Antioch Church, a prophet of God, a teacher of the heathen, a philanthropist of immortal name and fame. And yet he and Herod must have been reared in the same household, the same environment, the same atmosphere. Yes, and so were Jacob and Esau, the prodigal and the elder brother, John and Judas. It is not always a question of race but a question of grace.

*"You may grind them in the self-same mill,
You may bind them heart and brow;
But one will follow the rainbow still,
And the other will follow the plow."*

It is what gets within that settles. As the heart so is the man. Out of the heart comes the man. Others of this membership are named but these are sufficient to prove that that early church was like God in that it was "no respecter of persons." Its doors swung wide open to whosoever would come.

Emphasis is laid on the fact that this also was a Gentile Church. If any Jews lived in Antioch they were freely welcomed, but it was a Gentile Church. It took a Christian Barnabas and a Gentile Paul to break down the wall of separation, to rend the veil separating the holy of holies from the Gentiles and let them in. The twelve apostles couldn't get that the Gospel was for the Gentiles. Even when after the resurrection they stood with Him on Olivet's brow awaiting His return to the Father, they had to in-

ject, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" His answer:

"And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

That was His answer and then He is away to the skies. Long ago the prophet said "the Gentiles shall come to the light." But the apostles didn't get it. They didn't get it, though in Christ's genealogy there are four Gentile women. They didn't get it, though three Gentiles, we call them the Three Wise Men from the East, poured their gifts at His feet and worshiped Him. They didn't get it even though Gentile Egypt furnished Him a haven of refuge. They didn't get it even though He said to that Gentile Canaanite woman, "O woman, great is thy faith—I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." They didn't get it even though a company of Greeks came to Jerusalem seeking, saying, "We would see Jesus." The apostles simply couldn't get "God so loved the world."

In Him is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, black nor white. He is the one universal Christ of all lands and all languages, and all climes, and all kinds. The Christ of the Jews? Yes. The Christ of the Gentiles? Yes. The Christ of the white man? Yes. But also the Christ of all colours and classes.

*"Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.*

*Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.*

*Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.*

*O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song
 And crown Him Lord of all."*

You and I, we may at His feet fall if here and now we crown Him Lord of all. And forget never that unless we crown Him Lord of all we do not crown Him Lord at all.

VII

WITH PAUL ON MARS HILL

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill and said * * *.
—Acts 17: 22.

DRIVING over those marbled ways and miles from the sea to Athens, with a company of American travelers, one hears frequently and on every hand the exclamation, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the traveler's heart is Athens."

The sunny skies, the vine-clad mountains, the deep shadowed vales, the beautiful seas, all conspired to make the Greeks lovers of the beautiful. Palestine taught the beauty of holiness, Greece taught the holiness of beauty. And this was true in all realms and relations of life, including language. Up to 500 B. C. each Greek state had its own dialect. At that time Athens under Pericles reached the highest plane of beauty ever attained by any Grecian state. The various dialects were blended into a new tongue—the Attic Greek. The sweetest, richest, most varied, most beautiful, most expressive tongue ever given to man—the Greek. We have but one word, love, to express attachment to a pet, inexpressible tenderness for child, sacred affection for wife, holy reverence for God. But the Greek had as many different words for love as there are different loves.



MARS HILL--ATHENS

The Greeks dwelt in the midst of twinkling seas, strewn with fairy groups of islands that float like water lilies on a fairy pool, under turquoise skies—all of which fed and filled the Greek soul with beauty. Much of the beauty of ancient Greece lingers to flavour modern Greece. There is a saying, "Happy the child who is born in sunny Greece." From their birth they are surrounded on all sides by famous ruins and fragments of exquisite statues, and further afield by the sapphire blue of the Ionian and Ægean Seas, now turning into emerald hue and now to delicate amethyst resting on the distant tops of dreamy, far-off mountains.

The Greek household word for Baby is "Joy." And the first gift to a baby is always white. And the baby's name is selected from among the country's 195 saints. The people believe that upon birth there comes to the child the Invisible Playmate, "The Glory of Greece," which is always by the child's side, pointing out to it the wonders of the Mother Country and inspiring it to live worthily or to die gloriously for it.

The child is sent early to school and its soul is thrilled by the story of Greece's past glory. It is an amazement how little children can recite, and perfectly, the immortal Greek plays of two thousand and more years ago. Not only are the children's minds educated but their bodies. They are told the stories of the great Olympic games of the past and are inspired to emulate them in the ancient Stadium of Lycurgus, which in recent years has, happily, been restored. By this process of education and training

the children's bodies are brought to physical perfection.

Early the children are taught to sing. Rather there is something in sky and air and environs that sets them to singing as the nightingales. One street in Athens is called "The street of the candles," where nothing but candles are sold. Thousands of children with lighted candles lead in holiday and festival parades and processions of which there are many.

March 1st is the joyous day of the year. The short rainy season is over. The spring sun is shining never so bright. The land is turned into one flower garden of anemones, irises, poppies, primroses, violets, lilies, hyacinths, of every hue and shade. While even the fences are a riot of roses. March 1st is "Swallow Day," when the swallows come back. And everywhere children go tripping and trilling:

*"The swallow is here, the swallow is here,
She has crossed the white seas
And brings us the beautiful year."*

In Athens' museum what wealth of statuary, ancient rather than modern. In an early cemetery recently unearthed what famed old pieces. Here's a bas-relief of Charon receiving a passenger to ferry across the Styx, with extended palm for pay. Here what shades! Shades of Socrates, Aristotle, Plato; Praxiteles, Phidias, Pericles; Leonidas and his immortal three hundred; Miltiades and Marathon and the deafening shout as in 490 B. C. that handful of Greeks drove the Persian hordes into the open-mouthed sea.

But above all the Acropolis with its wrecked and ruined Parthenon looms and dominates all. What a glory the Parthenon in the days of its pristine perfection! Cut and carved out of Pentelic marble, snow white, from the sea four miles away, it looked like frozen surf. It cost forty millions of dollars and was the crowning piece of Phidias. Athens was the center of Greece. The Acropolis was the center of Athens. And the Parthenon, 228 by 110 feet, was the center of the Acropolis. And the center of the Parthenon? Athena, the goddess, thirty-nine feet high. The flesh parts were of ivory and the garments of gold. The material alone cost three-quarters of a million dollars. The Parthenon was begun in 447 B. C. And Athena was made in 438 B. C. Early in the sixth century A. D., the Parthenon became a Christian Church. In 1458 the Turks conquered Athens and converted the Parthenon into a Mosque. In 1687 the Venetians were bombarding Athens and, it being used as a powder magazine, a bomb falling through the roof and exploding, killed 300 men and left the glorious Parthenon a glorious ruins. The Acropolis is a thousand feet around and several hundred feet high.

What is that bare rock hill 350 feet high directly across from it? Mars Hill. And we have attained our Athenian quest, for it is here Paul stood and gave an address one historic day that stamped him the debater, philosopher, logician, astute reasoner of his or any time.

Paul has been hurried by his friends down to Athens from Thessalonica and Berea, having barely

escaped with his life. According to the recorded story while Paul waits for his fellow travelers and labourers his soul is greatly stirred "when he saw the city wholly given over to idolatry," or as the margin puts it, "full of idols." Since tens of thousands have been dugged up, literally car loads, one may easily believe the city was "full of idols." Many of these that have been unearthed are of the character of many that have been uncovered at Pompeii, fit only to be kept under lock and key. In the Temple of Bacchus, the god of wine and lust—that's the kind of idols here found. Athens of Paul's day was the center of culture; yes—and sensuality. In Athens alone there were thirty thousand public women, which means tens of thousands of fallen men. She was "wholly given over to idolatry" and lust. There is nothing elevating about heathenism. Even at its best heathenism possesses no high ideals. That is true of modern heathenism and ancient heathenism; of India and of Athens. And Athens was heathenism at its best, educated, cultured. Education is not salvation.

So Paul argued with the Jews in the synagogue and with others in the market place, the Agora. The Agora was the public meeting place, the city's forum. It has been unearthed and was 1,050 feet long by 750 feet wide. It was full of statuary, images, columns, bazaars. And the different schools of philosophy had different places and parts for their meetings. These schools included the Platonics, the Epicureans, the Stoics. The market place was given over to merchandising, lounging and philosophizing. It was the

town commons, the common meeting place. You could hear it everywhere, "Meet me at the Agora."

Then certain of the Epicureans and Stoics encountered Paul. The philosophy of the Epicureans was, "Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow you die." Get the most out of life. And practicing their philosophy the Epicureans got the least out of life. The Stoics' philosophy was, "Show no feelings. Do not weep with those that weep. Do not rejoice with those that rejoice." They hooted at wearing one's heart on one's sleeve. Kill emotion. So these philosophers of the different schools put their heads together and said, "Let's find out what this babbler says, he seems to be a setter forth of foreign gods." So they took him and brought him to the Areopagus, the court place, that is, Mars Hill, and said, "We would know what this new doctrine means."

"All the Athenians spent their time in nothing else but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." Of course we don't do that. However, we do continuously ask one another, "What's the news?" What's that word "news"? It's simply the initial for North, East, West, South put together and we have N-E-W-S. This may be news to a lot of folks but that is whence our word "news." We don't meet so much in the Agora to-day. But now we have changed the form from the forum to a font of type, but the fact persists. "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill." He didn't sit, he stood. Which proves that Paul was one of the keenest, shrewdest men that ever lived. Had he sat that would have assumed, presumed

that he a Jew was on an equality with these cultured Athenians. They would have resented that at once.

Paul is now speaking, "Ye men of Athens." Rather, the exact form that he used was, "Gentleman Athenians." He caught them immediately. He didn't say "Men," which is equivalent to saying "Fellow men." That would have again presumed and assumed that he was a fellow man with these learned Athenians. He simply didn't put himself in at all. And he didn't even address them as Greeks, nor Atticans. But "Gentlemen Athenians." He made them the elect, the select. That's adroitness, shrewdness, keenness, foresightedness for you. "I observed as I passed by that you are very religious." What a compliment. "For as I was going about and beholding your devotions (rather implements of devotion—shrines, altars, idols) I found one with this inscription, TO AN UNKNOWN GOD." Paul didn't say *The* Unknown God, for "the" would mean that the god was not unknown; but rather an unknown god. The Greeks had gods for everything. The Greeks had more than three hundred million gods. With so many they may have overlooked one. They believed that a god wreaked vengeance for the least slight. They will play safe. They will make sure. They will get on the right side of them all. They will erect an altar to any overlooked god. Then, too, there were things that they could not account for by any of the known gods. So there must be some god or gods yet unknown to them. So Paul seized the inscription on this altar and turned it into a text.

He got his text from them. That's diplomacy for you. They can't go back on their own text. A man said to a preacher, "I don't believe this, and this, and this." The preacher said, "No matter about that, what do you believe?" The man hesitated, halted, and then said, "Why—I believe I'm here." Instantly the preacher hurled at him, "Whence did you come, whither are you going?" and then without waiting for answer, or even giving him time to answer thrust into that man's soul as with a dagger "In Him we live and move and have our being." "It is appointed unto man once to die." "Prepare to meet thy God."

Paul turned their text into a dagger with which to pierce their own souls. How adroit. That was the Christ method. They thought they would catch Christ by asking Him, "Master, is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or no? And Christ said, "Bring me a penny." And then fingering it, looking at it He said, "Whose is this image and inscription?" The rest of that shrewd analysis and putting is familiar. So Paul addressing himself to the thought of their unknown god said, "I would speak of him you worship, but do not know who He is." So Paul proceeds to tell them about Him. "He's the God that made the world and all that in it is." These Athenians are all ears now for they are about to learn what had been to them the great mystery. "Seeing that he is Lord of all he dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Be you sure that at that point Paul makes a gesture. He points to the Parthenon towering right across high above them. As we have said Acropolis was the

center of Athens, and the Parthenon was the center of the Acropolis. And Athena was the center of the Parthenon. Therefore, although she was the center of the world, and the center of worship, Paul's gesture says, "God is not there, that is not God. That is not the center of the universe." What a stir among the crowd. "Neither is he worshiped with men's hands," that is, with the product of men's hands, with gifts. Their gods were always clamouring for gifts, gifts, gifts. "Neither is he worshiped with men's hands as though he needed anything," something, as though He were poor. He receives not but gives. Their gods received rather than gave. He giveth to all life and breath and all things. And He is no respecter of persons. He giveth seed time and harvest, winter and summer, rain and sun to all alike. "And he hath made of one—one blood—all." How that daggered their proud hearts. "One." That sounds like "God so loved the world." That makes John 3:16 and "made one," Calvary and Mars Hill, blood relation. When Paul said "God hath made of one blood" he pretty near lost his crowd. There must have been a great stir and a hooting of heart, if not out loud. Why, he is actually intimating that Greeks, and Romans, and Jews, and Cythians, and brown, and black, and yellow and red and white are blood brothers. Of course they didn't believe that and they practiced it less. We have advanced far and long. We believe that and we practice it. Yes, yes. Let's see, what has become of the Kellogg-Briand pact outlawing war? When are we going to substitute brother-

hood for blood and battle? And Bible for bullets? And faith for fight? It is not a matter that we can well push too far yet. We are still sitting with that critical crowd on Mars Hill.

Then Paul talks about seeking after and feeling after and finding God. "Seek, feel, find." That sounds like Blindman's Buff. It is Blindman's Buff. It originated in Athens. Paul comes down to their plane. Did you ever play Blindman's Buff? "Seek," "grope," "feel," "touch," "find," "recognize"—"This is John." "This is Mary." "Though he is not far from every one of us." Literally, He touches elbows with us. "He is nearer than hands or feet or breathing." We do not need to feel after Him. He's here. He's there. He's everywhere.

At this point Paul sees that he is about to lose his crowd and quick as a flash he hurls at them, "I am not telling anything new, I am only telling what certain of your own poets have said, namely, 'We are also his offspring,' " children. "For as much then as we are the offspring of God he could not be a God of gold or silver or stone graven by art and by your artificers." And again Paul gestures straight toward Athena, and that gesture says, "Don't think of God as like that—He is not like that."

"The time was when God winked at, overlooked such ignorance but he now commandeth all men to repent, turn about, change their thinking, turn from idols to the God hitherto unknown." "For he will judge the world righteously." Here is where every man nudges his neighbour. They are at the Areopagus,

the court place. Here is where their court is held, and they were very familiar with, The bigger the bribe the better the judgment. And instantly they are all attention. If there is a righteous judge in this universe they want to know him. "Who is this new judge?" "He will judge the world righteously by that man whom he hath ordained, appointed to be judge, and he hath set his seal, stamp of approval on him by raising him from the dead." He saved the great thing for the last again revealing his shrewdness.

And what happened was bound to happen. "When they heard of the resurrection some mocked," scoffed, pooh-poohed, hooted, jeered, sneered. You have thought as I have thought, that the Greeks all believed in immortality, the resurrection of the dead. We saw hundreds of funeral urns and ancient tombstones that had been unearthed with their drawings and inscriptions, all of them saying by signs and symbols and in words, "This is the last farewell, this is the end of all, he who enters here abandons hope." The most pathetic representations of utter hopelessness it has ever been my privilege to see are on the funeral vases of ancient Greece. Doubtless as Paul speaks of the resurrection he looks over if he does not point over to the prison where Socrates was given the deadly hemlock. And why was Socrates given the hemlock? Because he believed in and taught immortality. Socrates was the John the Baptist to Mars Hill. "Some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." And the meeting broke up.

"So Paul departed from among them." That's a

requiem. That's a dirge. That says failure. Evidently he was too blunt, too plain, too sledge hammary, too personal. He wasn't suave enough. We are not done yet. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Thanks be, there's another verse. "Howbeit certain ones clave unto him and believed." Then it was not a failure. And it needs be remembered that this was the first Christian sermon ever preached in this center of cultured heathenism. It is nothing short of a miracle that there was any visible result. Who are these "certain ones who believed"? "Among them was Dionysius the Areopagite." What's that? The Judge. Judge Dionysius, if you please. Later as we know, for it has been unearthed, there was a church of Dionysius in Athens. Also there was later a theater, or rather amphitheater of Dionysius.

Here a few years ago there was found a striking piece of marble, a sculptured head. I possess a photograph of it. It looks amazingly like the popular conception of Christ. The features are Jewish, not Grecian. The marble of which it is made is not native, but the very same marble is found in Palestine. Did Dionysius send to Palestine to one who knew Christ those three years intimately to make this bust for him? If so, who was that artist? Luke? For he was the artist supreme. Anyhow this striking marble was dug up in the amphitheater of Dionysius where doubtless the church assembled that bore his name. The Church of Dionysius. "Dionysius believed and a woman named Damaris." And that at a time and a place where not only a woman received no recognition but

no woman dared appear in a public assembly. But with hunger of heart she dared and her name is written down in the Book. "And Dionysius believed and a woman named Damaris, and others." "Others?" Who are the "others"? Is your name in that "others"? I am not hesitating, I am hunting for your name. As far as you are concerned the sermon is a failure unless as a result your name is written down in the Book—the Book of Life. On what page and what line in the Book is your name to be found?

VIII

FINDING THE BIBLE IN THE CATACOMBS

My word shall not pass away.—MATTHEW 24:35.

IF every Bible were burned and every reference and quotation from the Bible were destroyed, what then could we do? We could then go down into the Catacombs at Rome and find in substance the whole Bible. More, we would find just what the Christian Church for the first four hundred years believed and taught and practiced as well as preached. The interesting thing and valuable in exhumed Pompeii is that it reveals the lives and morals, also the immorals of the people of Pompeii in the year 79 A. D., and of course in the years preceding. That's what the Catacombs of Rome do in reference to the early Christians. It is some revealing chapter.

On May 31, 1578, some labourers working in a field outside of Rome suddenly went down through the ground and they found themselves in an underground chapel with long aisles or hallways running as far as they could peer in the darkness. They found this chapel and these aisles full of all sorts of relics, paintings, inscriptions, implements, in addition to countless skeletons or what remained of skeletons. They had accidentally broken through into the Catacombs of Rome, though they didn't know it.

When Paul came into Rome the first time he came by the Appian Way, which began at the golden milestone in the Forum and ran to Brindisi in the southeast corner of Italy, 350 miles. It was thirty-four feet wide and built of hexagonal blocks. That was the most expensive highway ever constructed and it drained the Roman treasury. But it is still in good condition and countless thousands of visitors drive over it or part of it every year. The last time that Paul went out of Rome he went over the Ostian Way which led to Ostia the Roman port. He was put to death out the Ostian Way at a place called "The Three Fountains." A writer of near Paul's time describes his execution thus, in part: "As the martyr and his executioners passed out the Ostian Way the road was crowded with a motley multitude of men and of beasts; merchants, sailors, soldiers, camels, caravans, donkeys, officials, travelers from near and far. None paid any attention to the small company following in the wake of the condemned martyr who was preceded by the headsman with his axe. When Paul's head was severed from his body and the Roman officials had gone their way back to the city, a few weeping disciples took up the body and carried it to a subterranean labyrinth where they laid it." "Subterranean labyrinth"—the Catacombs.

How came the Catacombs into existence? During those terrible years of indescribable persecutions they used them for hiding places and secret meeting places and for worship. Also by force of necessity they used them for burial places of their dead. Naturally the

Romans would not permit the Christians to bury in the public cemeteries. Also the Romans mostly cremated their dead. The Christians were opposed to cremation even unto the price of death. They so emphasized and magnified the resurrection of the body that like the earlier Egyptians they desired to preserve it in the best form possible. So the whole combination of circumstances drove them underground for their burial places. These vast underground rooms and halls were made possible only because the rock is spongy. You can easily cut it with a knife; also it is impervious to water. Therefore, it is dry. As you go down into the Catacombs you find aisles or hallways of a half a dozen feet or more in width and shelves cut into both sides reaching from the floor to the top, often as many as a dozen shelves in height. Here is where they laid their dead. And very frequently all of a sudden you come upon stairs either leading down or leading up, so that there are as many as seven stories one above another in the Catacombs and if they were placed end to end they would reach not less than a thousand miles. Those who have made particular study assure us that there were buried here millions of dead.

Many are the chapels that were used for worship. Also there is much evidence that thousands of people under the push of persecution must have lived down here. Of course these hiding places were a secret among the Christians and in order to protect the secret they adopted a password which was the Greek word for fish, *Ichthus*, which became a great Christian sym-

bol and sign. Its origin is the initial letter of these five words, "Jesus Christ Son of God Saviour." The fish is the most frequent symbol and figure scratched in the Catacombs. Here also are to be seen not a few fonts that were evidently used for baptism and of course the mode of necessity was sprinkling. However, lest some sprinkleite concludes that therefore the sole mode of baptism practiced by the Church of that period was sprinkling, let him be reminded that in the ruins of the Church of St. John's in Ephesus there is a great baptistry in a perfect state of preservation that was built for and evidently was used for immersion. That date was about 330 A. D. To the unbiased and unprejudiced student, therefore, it would seem that the early Church practiced both modes, being always determined or governed by circumstances or personal desires. Here, too, are found the remains of communion tables so that in some form these hiding disciples must have celebrated the Lord's Supper.

And all agree from evidence here found that they held and celebrated the Agapæ, the modern Love Feast or Feast of Love, which was so conspicuous among the early Methodists. The early Methodists celebrated Love Feasts by passing bread and water. These early Christians hiding from their enemies in the caves of the Catacombs had nothing to eat save as their fellow Christians could slip down in the dark and bring them a bit. Usually that bit was plain bread and water. And thus they feasted together, not so much on bread as on love—Love Feast, Feast of Love. The only light down here was of course

candles. When in a later period persecutions were lifted and Christians were no longer compelled to hold services in hiding places under the ground but built them great churches, they placed burning candles on their altars in celebration and memory of those earlier days. But the Popes of the early time greatly condemned the use of candles in churches above ground and, indeed, forbade their use, but Popes in a later day commended and recommended. Which accounts for the use of candles on the altars of the Roman Catholic Church of our day. Many modern practices of the Roman Catholic Church had their origin here. The use of candles on the altar as stated, and the Mass.

The Catacombs were used by the Christians until 410 A. D. when the Goths swept down and for five hundred years ruined and ruled Rome. After that for seven hundred years, during the period of the Crusades, the Catacombs were totally lost from the memory of man until that historic 31st of May, 1578. Since then we have had the period of exploration.

Here is found evidences of the trades at which these early Christians worked: mallets, saws, adzes, shears—both for shearing sheep and for tailoring, wool combers, knives, shovels, hoes. Also here are found many instruments of persecution, such as forceps to pinch and pull the flesh, great toothed combs to tear the flesh from the bones, thumbscrews and racks.

The Catacombs are full of symbols. From the earliest period man has used pictures to teach and con-

vey ideas. For instance, a ship. Longfellow uses that in his matchless poem "The Ship of State."

*"Sail on, O ship of state,
Sail on, O Union strong and great;
Humanity with all its fears,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate,
Sail on."*

Socrates about to drink the bitter hemlock, discoursing on immortality pictures man having safely weathered life's storms sailing at last into the harbour. So the ship is the most frequent figure and symbol found in the Catacombs, as it is also found in the Scriptures. Peter particularly specializes in its use as when he says, "So shall an entrance be ministered to you abundantly." In the original it is the figure of a ship making port at last.

Here, too, with great frequency is found the dove. Its use is threefold. The dove with twig in beak entering the window of the ark. The dove alighting on the head of Christ at His baptism, symbol of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The dove, emblem of peace. Here also we find the anchor, symbol of Christian faith and hope. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast and which entereth into that within the veil."

Here likewise is to be found the vine with the whole beautiful significance and story as recorded to us from the lips of the Master by John. "I am the vine ye are the branches." And of course the cross is everywhere in evidence, the cross with its thought of crucifixion; the cross with its way of life.

Here, too, may be found story after story from the Old Testament with every evidence of their acceptance and belief by these early Christians. Here we may see Adam in the garden, and being driven from the garden, and God walking in the garden in the cool of the evening, and saying, "Adam, where art thou?" And all this with the natural suggestion and inference that God is ever hunting for wandering man. Here the story of Enoch is depicted, who was not here for God took him there. And the story of Noah and the ark with all its implications and inferences. And, too, the story of the Tower of Babel with man being scattered over the face of the earth. And Daniel in the lion's den and the three Hebrew children in the furnace, and Abraham offering Isaac, and Jacob's ladder. Here is the story of Joseph in the pit and in the palace, Moses in the bulrushes, and leading the Children of Israel through the wilderness, and lifting the brazen serpent. The story of Elijah going to heaven in a chariot of fire is also here.

But the one Old Testament story depicted here most frequently and over and over is the story we never would guess, the story of Jonah and the fish. Striking strange, not only is this story most frequently found in the Catacombs but it is the one story most frequently and violently attacked by certain critics. And, too, this is the one Old Testament story that Christ connected with His resurrection. "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

On one of the walls in connection with the sepulcher of one of these early Christians is recorded this prayer: "Deliver, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant as Thou deliverest Enoch and Elijah from the common death * * * Noah from the deluge * * * Jacob from his dreams * * * Isaac from the sacrifice * * * Moses from the hand of Pharaoh * * * Daniel from the den of lions * * * the three youths from the fiery furnace * * * Jonah from the * * *." These types and symbols, inscriptions and references to and from the Old Testament, and especially their frequent connection with Christ's death and resurrection and ascension, give one pause.

New Testament. Every story, incident, parable and miracle of Christ recorded in the New Testament may here also be seen in picture, symbol, sign or text; such as the feeding of the five thousand, the raising of Lazarus, Christ walking on the sea, the opening of the eyes of blind Bartimæus, the story of the ten virgins, the house built on a rock, also the house built on the sand, the parable of the sower—and endlessly on.

But one of the most striking of all found here is the picture of a woman which is designated as Virgin Mary. And it is stated that it is one of seven pictures of her by Luke. We know that Luke was a doctor, an evangelist, and a historian. But who ever thought of him as an artist? But wasn't he an artist? What pictures Luke has hung in the memory gallery of the world! All those matchless pictures to be found from the 7th to the 19th chapters of Luke, which are given

to us by none other. Of the thirty-eight recorded parables of Christ sixteen are given by Luke alone, while nine more are given by Luke and one other gospel writer or two. Of the thirty-eight Luke gives us twenty-five. Among those that are peculiar to Luke is the parable of the lost sheep and the good shepherd.

*"And none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost."*

But for Luke we would not have the universally loved and gripping story of the Good Samaritan. Because of Luke's delineation countless millions have seen that traveler being pulled from his ass on the way down from Jerusalem to Jericho and stripped and wounded and left lying for dead. And, too, it is Luke that gives us the picture of the man with his lone pound who hid it away in a napkin, and of the rich fool who pulled down his barns and built larger, and of the friend that came at midnight—what a story that. Yes, Luke is the artist of artists.

But he is not the only artist. What a painting that of John's in the last chapter of his Gospel: The seven disciples out fishing, Christ on the shore kindling a fire; the dawn, Peter flinging himself into the sea and swimming ashore, and now standing shivering by the fire Christ built. How vividly there comes to Peter's mind that night that he warmed himself by Caiaphas' fire and denied with many oaths that he ever knew

Him. And then in the early dawn after breakfast the Master and Peter arm in arm walking the silver strands of Galilee. And the Master looking into Peter's soul and saying, "Simon Peter, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Peter answered, "Yea Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Our poor English robs this beautiful scene not only of its art but of its heart. Jesus used one Greek word for love and Peter used another. Jesus' word was the high word. Peter's word such a word for love as we use when we say "How I love my dog"—a low word. The second time Jesus uses the same and Peter the same. And then the third time Jesus looks into Peter's soul and says in thought, "Are you sure, Peter, that you love me as much as you would love your dog?" This breaks Peter's heart and he takes that great leap up to Christ's great word for love and out of his soul of souls he cries, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." And Peter went from that walk and talk to die for love and loyalty to his Lord. And this is depicted here too. There has always been the tradition that Peter was put to death by being crucified head down. Since this is also depicted in the Catacombs, that is probably not a tradition but a truth.

This is not the end of the Catacomb story. This is really only a fragment. One comes out into the Italian sunshine from a long day of exploration and study in the Catacombs with a strangely rekindled faith, a renewed faith and confidence in that Word given to the world by holy men who were moved by the Holy

Spirit. And as one wends his way back to Imperial Rome, while twilight is pulling her curtain down and pinning it with a star, he hears himself humming in his heart:

*"This precious Book I'd rather have
 Than all the golden gems
 That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone
 Or on their diadems.
 And were the sea one chrysolite,
 This earth a golden ball,
 And gems were all the stars of night,
 This Book were worth them all.*

*Ah! no, the soul ne'er found relief
 In glittering hoards of wealth.
 Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
 Gold cannot purchase health.
 But here's a blessed balm,
 For every human woe;
 And they that seek this Book in tears,
 Their tears shall cease to flow."*

IX

LIGHT ON THE BIBLE FROM THE LAND OF THE BIBLE

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.
—PSALM 119: 105.

NOT only is that true but stranger still the very land of the Bible floods light on the Bible.

“The last shall be first.” So said Christ one day to that group of disciples. What a strange declaration and how it filled the hearts of those that heard it with mystification. Also misunderstanding. But what light and meaning the land, its common customs and practices of Christ’s day and of this day throws on that saying of the Teacher, “The last shall be first.” In all Palestine games that’s true. In a horse race, the horse that comes in last wins. Each horse owner rides the other man’s horse. Since he is anxious for his own horse to get in last and win he does his utmost to make the horse that he’s riding come in first. Horse races in Palestine are honest horse races. But how did Christ use this phrase, “the last shall be first”? What was the purpose of its use? He was speaking particularly of those who are so certain that they will walk right into the gates of glory and up to the front seat and He said that sinners and outcasts and harlots, saved by grace, would go in before

the self-righteous into the kingdom. And in this connection He gave us the parable of the two who went up to the temple to pray, a Pharisee and a publican. "And the Pharisee prayed thus with himself." Nine capital I's in that brief prayer. While the publican did not even deign to lift up his eyes unto heaven but smote on his breast and cried, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

*"Two went to pray? Ah, rather say
One went to brag the other to pray.
One stood up close and trod on high
Where the other dared not lend his eye;
One nearer to God's altar trod
The other to the altar's God."*

"The first shall be last and the last first."

We watched with ever increasing interest grain merchants in Jerusalem measuring their grain. They would put some grain in a measure then get in with their feet and stamp it, shake it, press it down. And so until the measure was even full and then they would build the grain up in a pyramid to the last possible grain the pyramid would hold. They would then with strange art fling it into the mouth of the sack and if even a few grains splashed over they emptied the sack and began all over again. I marveled that merchants were so anxious to give their customers the last possible grain that they would go to all that pains until I learned that it was not the seller but the buyer that was doing the measuring. And by law the buyer is entitled to the last grain the measure

will hold. What a flash then came over "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over shall be given you." That is the way God gives. "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

*"Leave God to order all thy ways
And trust in Him what ere betide;
Thou'lt find Him in thy evil days
Thine all sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move."*

"What man is there of you if his son ask bread would he give him a stone?" On the surface that sounds a bit more than foolish. It sounds absurd. If a father would refuse his son bread that might be understandable. If when the son asked for bread he gave him an egg or goat's milk or a lamb's leg, that we could easily understand. But what possible sense in the question, If a son ask bread of his father would he give him a stone? Bread is the staple food of the populace of Palestine. Their bread is made of unbolted barley meal. And the bread it produces is coarse and black and made into hard balls about the size of a baseball. The people put these balls of bread into their bags and carry them to the field and sheep pasture and gnaw on them. They look for all the world like the dark round stones so prevalent in Palestine and they are easily mistaken for one of these stones. An American put a ball of bread in his baggage intending to bring it home for a paper weight.

Some time later forgetting what it was and mistaking it for a stone he threw it away. And still later, too late to get another, for he had already left Palestine, he recalled it all. Showing how easy it is to mistake stone for bread. And what a flood of light that flings on Christ's question. But of course the inference that Christ meant to be drawn from it was and is that no father would do that to his son, not intentionally, not deliberately. Surely God would not thus deal with one of His children.

"And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, who was laid at the rich man's gate desiring to be fed from the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table." The Bedouins, the out-of-doors people of Palestine, seem to live on crumbs that fall from the tables of the well to do. When one travels living a camping life in Palestine these Bedouins squat at close range and watch the travelers eat, and when they are done and have left their eating place these natives pounce upon it gathering up every scrap, every egg shell, potato peel, chicken bone, crust, crumb, and greedily devour them. They do it to-day exactly as it was done in the days of Christ and that rich man and Lazarus, when the beggar full of sores lay on the steps outside the rich man's door desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. And the Lord would have us know His table is not so. There are no crumbs at the Lord's table. A man with his wife and children living in a one-tenement room, the man said to his wife one night at the table, "Wife, you will have to cut the slices thin or

there won't be enough to go around." There are no thin slices at the Lord's table. "Bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more."

"And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

But Jesus said unto him, Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead." This statement of Christ's has called forth more discussion and criticism than possibly any other single statement He made. Many have asked how could the dead bury the dead? Even commentators have said Christ meant let the spiritually dead bury the physically dead. How any commentator can get that is beyond anybody but a commentator. At least this may be said, it sounds very cold if not cruel. That is, it sounds cruel if Christ said what is generally supposed He said. But that is the rub and the nub of the matter. Here is a young man out on the street listening to Christ with his father evidently at home dead. That's the way it sounds. But that wasn't the way it was. Any one who knows Palestine customs also knows that no member of the family ever leaves the house when any member of the family is dead until after the burial. One who is in a house with the dead is unclean and would not be permitted to associate with others. Then, the dead are buried almost immediately after their death. It is a hot country. They had then and have now no means or method of preserving the body. A few hours work terrible havoc with a dead body. That of course at once adds to the uncleanness. The fact is that the dead are buried at once and then for the space of

thirty days the family carries on ceremonies of mourning. And sons, if there are any, give themselves over to mournful dancing around the grave, chanting for the repose of the soul of their departed father. They do not believe that the soul at once leaves the earth upon the death of the body, but rather hovers around and is troubled. So that the soul must be quieted. This is the object of the ceremonies and services and chantings. Around and around they go. The excitement increases. Those that have seen the Whirling Dervishes may have an idea. Also they cut their flesh with knives until the blood streams. All this in their anguish of soul to accomplish the repose of their father's soul. There is a very striking sentence in Leviticus bearing on this matter. It is among the other specific instructions and commands to the people of Israel covering their personal practices and lives: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead." That is as the heathen do. Those heathen people with whom the Children of Israel associated went through these ceremonies and chantings, which said, "We would gladly give up our own bodies if only the spirit of our father might rest in peace." This ceremony is called "Mantheem kaver ha muath," which being interpreted is, "The dead burying their dead." This ceremony that we have described is called "The dead burying their dead." And Jesus said to the young man, in substance, "Be done with such heathenish practices and performances and follow me."

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of

a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." In a near verse to this one Christ elaborates and says, "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God." An old preacher of my boyhood one Sunday in that country schoolhouse held up an ordinary cambric needle and quoted this verse and then said, "With God all things are possible." Let no one charge the old preacher with wrong intent and certainly not with desire to mislead any one. But all things are not possible with God: It is not possible for God to cease to love; it is not possible for God to refuse to save a repentant sinner; it is not possible for God to lie. Much damage has been done to the soul of youth by unthinking or uninformed preachers. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle." The first needle ever made with an eye was made in Venice, Italy, 1543 A. D. One of those first needles with an eye may be seen in the British Museum. So when Christ spoke that fifteen hundred years before there wasn't such a thing as a needle with an eye. He, therefore, could not have referred to the eye of a needle since no such thing was in existence for more than fifteen hundred years after. In the language in which Christ was speaking the word for needle was "ibra." While the word "iibra" means entering. It is the latter word and not the former that Christ uses. With words so similar how easy to mistake them. The word Hebrew is from this same "iibra," to enter. A Hebrew is one who has entered in. Abraham is the same word and means he who has entered

in. Therefore a true son of Abraham is one who has entered into covenant relation with God. So what Christ said was, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of entering."

What is the eye of entering? All cities were walled for protection. And for double protection the gates were always locked at sundown. The only way to get into a city after dark was through the small opening in the gates which was called "the eye of entering." The man who was caught outside after dark, like the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, would fall among thieves and they would leave him stripped, wounded, and more than half dead. One can easily picture a traveling merchant watching the sun as it rapidly sunk toward the western horizon, urging his animal on that he might reach yonder city before sundown. He doesn't reach it, though he almost makes it. He just misses it. To miss isn't so bad, to miss isn't so sad, but just to miss, that's tragedy. But he must get himself, his goods, and his animal inside for the night or all is lost. For any one outside the protection of the city's walls falls easy victim to bandit and highwayman. So he makes his camel get down on his knees. He strips him of the last, least thing. Then he pokes his head through the eye of entry and prods him with his cruel prick and pushes him. The animal squeezes himself, shrinking into an amazingly small size. In his rebound to the cruel prod he scrapes the very hair off of his sides. And then he barely makes it. But at last he's in. A man must needs strip himself of self and sin and all,

and down on his knees and then he scarce makes it.

*"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
Jesus Christ is my all in all."*

"Salute no man by the way." When Christ commissioned and sent forth the seventy He said, "Salute no man by the way." Many a skeptic hunting for flies in the gospel ointment, like Robert Green Ingersoll, has held this up as evidence that Christ didn't even respect the common courtesies of life. It all depends. Depends upon how people salute each other when they meet in the way. With all of its implications in connection with the urgency of Christ's commission, "Go," how did they salute one another in the way? When two persons came within seeing distance they proceeded to prostrate themselves to the ground. Then having gone the length of their shadow they prostrated themselves again, and so endlessly on until they came within speaking distance when they began to salute each other with, "A hundred welcomes," "Praise God you are well," and countless others, and then having come together they embrace each other, kiss each other and go through endless performances. A man could not do much more than meet a half dozen people in a day and the day was gone. Christ is saying, "It is a lost world, it is a needy world. The urgency to get the Gospel to the world is so great, give not yourselves over to such endless and needless ceremonies."

"Neither do men light a candle and put it under

a bushel but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." The bushel here referred to is not the American bushel basket or grain measure as we understand it, but rather the bin in which natives kept their grain in their house. It is a box-like affair on legs. It is easy to put or set a candle, a lamp, under it. So that part is plain. "But on a candlestick," stem, lift—and then the householder places it near the bin and "it giveth light unto all in the house," rather unto all that come into the house. A wayfarer overtaken by the night in his journeyings, seeing the welcome light in the window, turns aside and opening the door, beholds the lamp by the bin, which points to the bin and says, "Welcome, brother man, take, eat, refresh thy weary self." This is one of the most beautiful figures, the lamp of life pointing to Him the Bread of Life, inviting and saying, "Whosoever eateth of this bread shall hunger no more."

And the many references to water in many forms, and to Christ the water of life, how running over with significance to dwellers in that land. Here where there is always water in abundance these many statements about water mean little. But in that land where the one crying need is water, and where fresh water is the one great lack, and water vendors go everywhere with their bottles of skin selling the precious liquid at almost prohibitive prices—the references to water to such people are pregnant with meaning. Christ stood and said, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink," and "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never

thirst." What an invitation, what a revelation to a parched and panting people whose very souls cry for water. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come." And that invitation is always, without money and without price. What an invitation in a land where the strife over wells and water has ever been endless. It was that endless strife that separated Lot from Abraham. Water, how precious, how scarce, how costly. And lo! in the Book by the lips of the Lord water is offered free and full and satisfying. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." What a gospel! What a God!

How the Land of the Book floods with light the Book of the Land. Verily there are five gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and—Palestine.

X

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST OF MOHAMMEDANISM

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.—PSALM 145: 13.

ONE soft Egyptian evening in one of Cairo's classic hotels a suave and polished Mohammedan gentleman and Islam scholar was discoursing eloquently to a company of American tourists on "The Beauties of Mohammedanism." It was a beautiful picture beautifully done. The generous applause by his American hearers must have been most pleasing to the speaker's Mohammedan ears.

There are many beautiful things about Mohammedanism.

They wash five times every day. So many do not. Howbeit they wash only their feet, their faces and their hands. I have seen a good many thousands that would be greatly improved if the washing were continued quite a bit farther. The average Mohammedan has but two complete washings during his terrestrial existence—at his birth and at his burial. But they do wash their feet, their faces and their hands five times a day.

And they pray five times a day. Wherever there is

a mosque there is a minaret. And wherever there is a minaret there is a Muezzin and five times every day he climbs aloft and with that far reaching, piercing voice he calls, "There is no god but Allah, come to prayer." This he does five times a day. The morning call, "It is better to pray than to sleep." The noon call, "It is better to pray than to eat." The evening call, "It is better to pray than to rest." "Come to prayer." And wherever there is a Mohammedan five times every day he prostrates himself toward Mecca and prays. And they do this all uninfluenced by the world or people around them. The New Testament exhorts, "Men ought always to pray," "Pray without ceasing." The Mohammedans come the nearest approximating that of any peoples on earth. True they are prone to forget that there are some things that necessarily precede proper praying. Near the close of day an American gentleman employed two husky young Mohammedans to help him up the great pyramid. He paid them before he started. When they got him about a third of the way up they proceeded in good heathen fashion to hold him up for more pay. And when he protested that he had already paid them according to the bargain they threatened to cut his accursed infidel throat and fling his body down the jagged slopes for the crows to pick. When they were about two-thirds of the way up they did it again. When they reached the top the sun was setting and it was time for evening prayer. And forgetting all about their rascality they prostrated themselves and went through their prayers. They never

let their life interfere with their religion. And for that matter they never let their religion interfere with their life.

The great apostle leads us to understand that the motive behind prayer is all important. What is theirs? Allah is the Sultan of the universe, the Czar of the skies, the despot of their destinies. They hope by their much praying and prostrating and pleading to placate this autocrat of the universe. Their prayers are born of the same motive as inspired the Indian mother to feed her babe to the crocodiles of the Ganges, and to fling herself into the arms of the Juggernaut. When one hears a discourse on the beauty of the Mohammedan praying five times a day he needs to dig into the soul of the why of it, before rhapsodically and complacently swallowing it as though he heard a voice from heaven. But they do pray five times a day. And many in Christian lands don't. Millions even eat their bread without thought or thanks. How faithful is the Mohammedan to his ceremonies and services.

Then he fasts. During Ramadan he fasts for one full month. That is, he eats and drinks nothing between sunup and sundown. And the last day of the fast he spends decorating the graves of his ancestors lest he forget. It is easy to forget. During his month of fasting he gets all the toxins out of his body so that the Mohammedans are mostly free from rheumatism and other Gentile and Jewish ills. That's a virtue that pays. Most of us are food drunk and toxic poisoned.

Then the zeal of Allah's house swallows him up. Their oldest and largest University is at Cairo, the University of El Azhar. It has near twenty thousand students. They are the most fanatical Mohammedans from the ends of the earth. The students sit in groups of fifties or so around their teacher. The teacher repeats something in a sing song. The students repeat it after him with a motion as rhythmic as music. What are they doing? What has drawn them here from the ends of the earth? It is the call of a book—The Koran. The Bible may be the Book nobody knows in America but the Koran is the book everybody knows in Islam. What are these near twenty thousand students doing in their rhythmic sing song? They are learning by rote the near one hundred and fourteen chapters of the Koran. It is about equal in its content to the New Testament. It is the worst jumble of any religious book ever written, but no matter they are committing it and getting its spirit. And what is their diploma? A new Koran with a new sword laid across its open pages. There are two ways to conquer a world—convert or kill. If a Mohammedan meets a hopeless infidel, with his new sword he is to kill him and make way for one of the faithful. And these graduates are rushing everywhere with their Koran and their sword fulfilling their high commission. I asked a Mohammedan leader, "How many missionaries have you?" He looked at me in dumb amazement, amazement that I should ask such a question. His answer, "All Mohammedans are missionaries." And the early Chris-

tians went everywhere telling "what a dear Saviour they had found." Like Zinzendorf they had but one passion, "He." Mohammedanism is a conquering religion. It was born in 622 A. D. By 635 it had conquered Damascus and all that region. By 636 it had conquered Jerusalem. By 637 it had conquered all Persia. By 640 it had conquered all Egypt. Mohammedanism possesses the swing of victory because possessed of a purpose and the passion and push of a sacrificial spirit. They fulfill for their leader what Wesley prayed for his: "Give me a hundred men who fear nothing but God, who hate nothing but sin, who know nothing in the world but Christ crucified, and I will take the world."

Yes, there are many beautiful things about Mohammedanism; they wash five times a day. They pray five times a day. They fast oft. The zeal of Allah's house eats them up.

The next morning after listening to that discourse on "The Beauties of Mohammedanism," we sallied forth. The first thing we saw was a young Mohammedan kicking a poor old woman—even kicking her in the face. We protested. He was dumbly amazed at our protesting and defended himself with, "Why, she's only my mother." We crossed the bridge over the Nile, going to the Pyramids. We met a Mohammedan family coming into town. The husband and father was riding the family donkey. The wife was walking, carrying the baby. We went further and saw a shack of one room, one side open to wind and weather. The Mohammedan head of the house

was eating his breakfast—he and his favourite dog, while the wife was crouching over in a corner of the room. When he and the dog were sufficed and had departed the wife might gather up any crumbs the dog had left. We went still further and saw a Mohammedan plowing in the field. There were two creatures hitched to the plow. One was the ox and the other, an ass? Nay. The family donkey? The family camel? The favourite dog? The fine sleek Arab steed? Nay to all of them. Yoked to that ox hitched to the plow was his wife. And ever and again did he bring his lash down, now upon the back of the ox, now upon the back of the wife. That's Islam womanhood after thirteen hundred years of Mohammedanism. That is the fine fruitage of thirteen centuries. Then said I, the character of a religion is to be judged by the character of the people it produces.

Egypt once and at first worshiped Ra, the sun. And that is not to be marveled at. The old philosopher Heraclitus said, "Everything comes from the sun." It takes three things to produce growth—light, heat, moisture. Light and heat come from the sun. And moisture? The golden buckets of the sun dip up the seas and o'erload them into God's chariots, the clouds, and the clouds waft them every whither and o'erspill them on field and flock and farm. The Egyptians were at first sun worshipers. They then deteriorated and degenerated until they worshiped crocodiles. Far up the Nile one never-to-be-forgotten moonlight night we viewed the great old temple of Komombo. For our entertainment and edification the guides hauled

out of the temple two mummied crocodiles, four thousand years old, the gods of the Egyptians. At one period Egypt had so many sacred bulls that now whole cities of mummied bulls are being unearthed. At another period Egypt worshiped the falcon, the hawk. We saw so many thousands of hawks carved on the walls of her temples that we could hear them cawing in the night. Egypt further degenerated until she worshiped cats. What a lovely god a stuffed, mummied black cat makes. Down Egypt went until she filled the bellies of her dead with manufactured beetles. These were the symbols of immortality. These were the gods to convey the dead over the river of death. And the more they put into the dead the surer the dead were of being conveyed across. We call them scarabs and they scoop them out of the dead by the handful, pecks full and sell them to innocent Americans abroad at fifty dollars per innocence. Egypt's religion deteriorated to a mental and moral dung hill. And her people likewise. The character of a religion is always to be judged by the character of the people it produces. We came back from that morning's drive saying, the standard by which to determine the character of a religion is not by parlour propaganda but by a people's practices.

We should not have marveled at what we saw because Mohammedanism believes and teaches that woman has no soul. The Koran so states. Which logically leads to the remark that a religion is no better than its sacred book or books. Think that one through and weigh the Koran in the scales with the

Bible. And forget not that the Koran says that woman has no soul. Once the world believed that slaves had no souls. Naturally, therefore, slaves were not educated. Neither are Mohammedan women. They are valuable only for breeding purposes. Yet there are American cruisers who return from these Oriental parlour seances and coo and cackle about the beauties of Mohammedanism. Wrap this up in moth balls—a religion is no better than its sacred books. And a religion is no better than its treatment and estimate of woman, and will finally stand or fall according to that estimate and treatment.

And a religion is no better than its Official Head. Up to the birth of the Turkish Republic, which happened in 1922, and of which Kemal Pasha is the first and only President up to now, the Sultan of Turkey was the official head of the Mohammedan Church. A fair sample of this Church's head is Abdul Hamid II, who in our day and time, for thirty-three terrible and bloody years ruled the Turkish Empire and the Mohammedan world and church. On that historic Sunday morning when the young Turks broke into his palace on the Bosphorus he was supposed to have a hundred wives but he was five short. They put thumbscrews to him to make him reveal what had become of his other wives. He took them into the basement where a sort of shoot the chutes led down to the Bosphorus. When he got tired of a wife or wanted to get rid of her he put her on that shoot the chutes. They also found a cage in the palace which now may be seen in the Royal Museum at Constantinople. In the cage

was the skeleton of a child and he revealed, under much pressure, that it was the skeleton of a child of his brother. And he also revealed that whenever a child was born so near the throne that it might grow up to give him trouble this is the way he treated it. Also he had spies everywhere—he had two thousand spies in Constantinople alone. The President of Roberts College told us that it was next to impossible to run the College because of these spies. He said one day a spy came up and chancing to look through a Bible he ran across the book of Galatians. Galata is the name of one of the three parts of Constantinople. This must be some book against Galata. Very dangerous book. And every Bible was confiscated and burned. Again, one of these spies came up and chancing upon a chemistry happened upon the chemical symbol for water— H_2O . Immediately the spy interpreted this as “Hamid II amounts to nothing.” We need to keep before us that the character of a religion is to be judged by the character of its Official Head. And he was that thirty-three awful years.

So a religion is to be judged by the character of its Official Head, by the character of its sacred books, by the character of its treatment and estimate of woman. And in the light of that threefold judgment Mohammedanism is doomed and damned. The beast and not the beauty is the big thing and controlling in Mohammedanism.

Many of the great Mosques were originally Christian churches. They were conquered and converted into mosques. Always every effort has been made to

remove every vestige of Christianity. In the great Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which was built as a Christian church in the time of the Emperor Justinian, they haven't been one hundred per cent. successful in removing all marks that it was once a Christian church. Here on the wall four angel faces have been replaced by the golden crescent but the angel faces keep peeping through. Ever and anon through the excessive Mohammedan decorations the shape of a cross comes creeping through. On the four sides of one of the great columns cut deep into the stone, four great fish, the sign, symbol and password of the early Christians, as noted in Chapter VIII. Fourteen thousand people can assemble on the main floor and four thousand in the galleries of this vast Mosque, but there is no choir. Mohammedanism has no music. That alone should settle its final doom. Yet there is every physical evidence of a once great choir gallery, which physical evidence cannot be removed without destroying the great building. But in the great Mosque at Damascus that was once the Church of John the Baptist every mark and stamp that it ever was a Christian church has been wholly removed throughout the vast building. All, until you climb outside to the great capstone and there under the very roof cut into the eternal marble, absolutely unremovable, are these immortal words from the Psalms: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom."

In the Alhambra at Granada hundreds of times in Arabic may be read "Allah only is victor." Not the

Mohammedan Allah but the Christian Christ. He will go from victory unto victory until He has piled all empires under His feet, then will He reign from sea to sea and from the rivers unto the end of the earth, while the one hundred and forty and four thousand enchoired hosts will lift up their voices, as it were the voice of many waters, and shout, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

*"The moon of Mohammedanism arose,
And it will set,
While blazened as on the heavens'
Eternal noon,
The Cross of Christ leads generations on."*

XI

EGYPT'S MIGHTY MAN

Moreover, the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt.—EXODUS 11: 3.

EGYPT has given to history many mighty men. There was Thothmes III, the Obelisk builder. How many he built no man knows. But one stands in Central Park, New York, and one in London on the banks of the Thames, and one in Paris on the banks of the Seine, and one in Rome on the banks of the Tiber, and one in Constantinople, and as many as fifteen once stood in Nineveh, Bagdad and Babylon. All of these are now lost under the sands but to become the great find of some future archæologist. One lone Obelisk still stands in ancient Heliopolis, the original home of many. The world falsely calls them Cleopatra's Needles—nobody knows why.

Then there was Cheops, builder of the great Pyramid that bears his name, which is so much greater than any or all of the other seventy-five, save one—Chepren, that there is no comparison between it and any others, all others. This vast pile, the Pyramid of Cheops, when built, was 482 feet high—58 feet higher than St. Peter's, Rome, with a base covering 13 acres. It contains 2,300,000 blocks of stone weighing 6,848,000 tons.

And one cannot list Egypt's mighty men and omit Rameses II, sixty-seven years ruler of the land of the Nile. He was the greatest of the Pharaohs, at least as a builder of monuments, especially of himself. Everywhere in Egypt one is ever coming face to face with, or stumbling over statues of Rameses the Great. The largest one now lies prone in the sand, headless, handless, footless. And this sign is placarded on it—"You are particularly requested not to climb upon the King." The myth of greatness!

But measured by the side of one man, Egypt bred and born, all others shrink into pigmies. And that man? "Moreover, the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt and in the sight of Pharaoh's servants and in the sight of all the people." Yes, and in the sight of God.

Never reigned a more despotic despot than Seti I. The Pharaoh of Egypt about 1600 B. C. The father of her who is called Pharaoh's daughter, who rescued little Moses from a watery grave. Fear doth make fools of men. Seti I starts out an earlier Herod to slay all the babies, reasoning like a Booth, Guiteau, Czolgosz, that if you can kill the President you have killed the Presidency. Jacob came down to Egypt seventy. Israel now numbers probably millions. Great fear seized Pharaoh lest a war occurring Israel join his enemies and overtopple his throne. So he issued his memorable decree that all male babes should be put to death. "That will put an end to this Israelitish trash and trouble." The only thing it put an end to was—Pharaoh. The devil always overshoots the

mark. He reasons, if he can only get Christ on to a cross that will end it. It did. It ended the devil's sway. If he can only get Daniel into a lion's den that will fix it. And it fixed it so that Daniel became Premier of all Babylon. If he can only get chains on to Paul * * *. The devil got chains on Paul and to keep them on he had to pay Paul's passageway to Rome and support him there two years; where Paul became the first missionary in the Imperial City and planted Christianity in that world center, from which it leaped into Gaul, to the Anglican Isles, to America, to everywhere. Think of the devil's paying the traveling expenses and keep of a foreign missionary for two years. When the devil shoots he always shoots a boomerang which curves and cuts his own heart. This Pharaoh decree was a devil's boomerang.

About this time there was born a babe so good to look upon that he is spoken of as being fair to God. Your child may not be fair in the sight of the world. See to it that it is fair to God. That's the important thing. For three months Jochebed, the mother, hid the baby in her hut and in her heart. But when his lungs became so lusty and his cry so loud that she could no longer hide him she made a little cradle-bed and put the babe therein and then laid him—note the order—on the bosom of God, then on the bosom of the Nile.

Thermuthis, Pharaoh's daughter, came down to the river to bathe. She saw the basket, uncovered it and the babe cried into her face and crept into her heart. To little Miriam, twelve-year-old sister, hiding con-

veniently by, she said, "Go get me a nurse of the women of Israel and I will pay her well." How the little thing's feet were turned into wings and she flew for hers and the babe's mother. What did Thermuthis do while she waits? Be you sure she takes up the baby and it cuddles close to her heart and the feel of it fixed Thermuthis for all time. Mother Jochebed comes breathlessly. Pharaoh's daughter says, "Take the babe and nurse it for me and I will pay you well." What a picture when that mother hugs up to her own heart her own babe! That is the first time and the last a mother was ever paid for nursing her own babe. Again the devil overshoots.

And Jochebed nurses the babe for Pharaoh's daughter. But she trained the babe for God. And Moses never got away from his mother's apron strings. When I was a boy if a boy were known to be tied to his mother's apron strings, he might better be known as a "girl-boy." And that was the height of insult. I think times have changed. A bit since I was talking with a man ninety-eight who is still active and vigorous, and I asked him how he accounted for it. "I never got away from my mother's apron strings." Those are good strings not to get away from. Moses was another case of "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." What is put into the boy comes out the man.

What a stir in the slave quarters that night when Jochebed brought home that babe, her babe. All the old women came and looked into the face of that little lump of wrinkled clay and shook their heads and

said, "What's all the fuss about? It's only a babe." That's doubtless what all the old women said who looked into the faces of the babes George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, William Ewart Gladstone. I doubt not the old women of Nazareth said the same when they looked into the face of the Baby Jesus. Only a babe. Only eternity will reveal what comes out of a cradle. Rock it well, rock it well, who can tell, who can tell, whether heaven or hell comes out of that cradle, depending upon whether you rock it well or rock it ill. There is no business quite so big as the business of rocking a cradle well.

*"Rock-a-bye baby in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the winds cease the cradle will fall,
Down comes baby, cradle and all."*

Too many leave to any chance wind that blows the rocking of the cradle.

"When he was grown she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter and he became her son." Grown. That doesn't mean grown in our sense but in the Oriental sense—twelve years of age. That was the age that Christ was taken to the temple. One day Thermuthis' liveried servant comes out to the slave quarters for little Moses. While he waits at the gate Moses' mother puts on him the little cap and coat she had made for him and as she buttons it up she whispers into his ear his destiny and duty. And there came down on his boy shoulders the weight of God's

world. And he never forgot. The time to put into the man what he will never forget is while he is a boy.

Moses had two good teachers—his mother and Pharaoh's daughter. Egypt was the cradle of learning. We read, "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Being in the king's family threw open wide to him the doors of the national University at Heliopolis. It was the great school of its time, having a library of twenty thousand volumes, in manuscript, and twelve departments—science, language, music, medicine, philosophy, government, theology, history, mathematics, astronomy, poetry, art. And Moses was learned, trained, taught, in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. In after years his training and learning in every one of these twelve departments shows up. What other laws are comparable to the Ten Commandments—the laws of Moses? What a finished system of medicine and hygiene he gave to Israel. What poetry outbreathed from his soul. The Ninetieth Psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." See in all this God's hand. God is preparing, training him for his future work. What Paul was to the New, Moses was to the Old dispensation. Both men were of mightiest minds and broadest training. To accomplish what he did Moses must have been diligent in study and in business. But where it speaks of Moses as being learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians it also states, "Moses was meek." The word used here for meek is the same that Xenophon uses in his *Anabasis* for trained, tamed horses. A trained horse is a tamed horse; a horse

under control by a higher power. A meek man is a man controlled from above. Moses was a meek man.

But receiving his diploma from the University of Egypt, graduating with highest honours, the test hour comes when Moses must turn his back on Egypt or on God.

*"To every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or
evil side."*

With his eye on his mother, and God, he turns his back on Egypt and refuses longer to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

What an excitement through the court the day that happened. All the little royal hangers-on were saying, "What a fool." There he goes. He is walking out of the king's palace for the last time. See him. If once you see him you will never forget him, you couldn't. That brow, that face, that eye, that bearing—he is every inch a king.

Moses had a straight road to the throne. He was next in the line of succession. When trying to get the measure of what he turned his back on it needs be remembered that Egypt was the then queen of the nations. Obelisks, sphinxes, pyramids, monuments, tell of her then glory and greatness. The Pharaoh of that time was to Egypt what Pericles was to Greece, Elizabeth to England, Cæsar to Rome, Alexander to Macedonia. To all this Moses was heir. What might he not have been among the rulers of the earth? But upon all this Moses turned his back and refused to be

the heir to the throne. There is something higher than a throne. There is something more lasting than a king's crown. Life consisteth not entirely of things bankable. Wealth cannot always be counted. To-day is not all. There is a to-morrow, an eternal to-morrow. There are greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. There are riches invisible as well as visible. There are heart treasures as well as hand treasures.

This is called by the writer of Hebrews, The Great Refusal. To become great there must be a great refusal. To lay hold of things above we must let go of things below. The way to coronation is by way of crucifixion. The lower must give way to the higher. The Lord says, "For brass I will give thee gold, and for iron I will give thee silver. But we must needs give up the brass to get the gold, and the iron to get the silver. Many things that seem good must be refused if we are to get the higher good. Moses refused pleasure for power, things temporal for things eternal. And if he hadn't refused? He might have been Seti II. Yes, and what became of Seti I? Six hundred miles up the Nile, out over that terrible alkali desert, among those bare and dust-crusted, rock mountains, cut down deep into the heart of one we stood in Seti I's tomb. Not only the tomb but what mortuary parlours! Room after room. What decorations! What embellishment! What statuary! But we didn't see Seti I. We found him a dried up old mummy in the museum at Cairo. But not even on the first, or second, or third, or fourth floors. We found him in the dark basement, lest the light falling

upon his face and body might crumble them to dust. Moses never had royal entombment. No royal sarcophagus held his body. No pyramid or temple was erected over his form. There wasn't even a stone to mark his grave.

*"No man dug his sepulcher
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the great man there."*

"No man knoweth the place of his sepulcher to this day." But where did we last hear of Moses? Fifteen hundred years after, on the Mount of Transfiguration with Christ and Elijah. And was that the last? No. The hosts of heaven sing day and night a new song. What song, whose song? "The song of Moses and the Lamb." Which would we rather be, a dried up old mummy in a museum basement or on the highest throne of heaven?

And Moses turned his back on the court and marched out and by one sudden, strong stroke he will free his people from their bondage. He will be an earlier John Brown and by one decisive quick move it will be done. Out in the slave field he sees an overseer lay open with his cruel lash the back of a fellow Israelite. With one fell blow from Moses the taskmaster is down, done, dead. But when Moses calls to rally, the Israelites do not rally but say, "Who made you a ruler over us?" The word we translate ruler is really "boss." Moses looked around and then up in amazement and said, "Lord, didn't you mean

for me to deliver them? See their suffering, their blood, their bondage." "Yes, but not yet." And for forty years Moses tramped in the wilderness before God said "Ready." What a waste of time. And what a mystery. Yes, but in that forty years Moses learned every foot of that wilderness ground, every mountain pass, the location of every spring and bandit's hiding place, and safest route to and through. Forty years ago he thought he was ready. He wasn't.

God is never in a hurry. The hardest thing to do is to wait, to learn to wait. Charles the Fifth's motto was "Nondum"—not yet. That's the hardest motto to practice. Impetuous Peter would fly to save a world. God said, Nondum—wait. God locks Peter into an upper room ten days. De Maistre says, "To know how to wait is the secret of success." John Wesley said, "Though I am always in a haste I am never in a hurry." God is never in a hurry. He waited to send His Son until "the fullness of time." Till the clock struck, then He acted. He who runs before he is ready runs not at all. The hardest thing to do is to wait. "Wait, Moses, you are not ready yet." And Moses waited. But one day forty years after, God said, "Go now and bring out my people from the land of Egypt, go tell Pharaoh to let my people go."

Moses said, "When Pharaoh asks me, Who sent me, who shall I tell him?" "Tell him I AM sent you." What a strange name Jehovah gives Himself. But that is the only name that could name Him. I AM. Are you in need? "I am the good shepherd."

Are you lost? "I am the way." Are you in darkness? "I am the light of the world." Are you in doubt? "I am the truth." Are you hungry? "I am the bread of life." Are you dead? "I am come that they might have life." "I am thine all and in all." And I AM called Moses. God called Samuel, Gideon, Elijah, Matthew, Paul—and me? The apostle exhorts, "Brethren, be not unmindful of your calling." Then he tells what kind of calling it is—high calling, holy calling, heavenly calling. And six times God appeared to Moses during his life. How many times has He appeared to us? And God spake to Moses face to face. When has God spoken to us face to face? Our eyes are holden, we see Him not. He would speak to us. "He is no respecter of persons." Our sins have curtained us from God.

And God said, "Go." That settled it for Moses, that was sufficient for Moses. The Crusaders made Southern Europe a highway to Palestine under the inspiration of a shout. Monk and king and soldier pushed over the sandy wastes of Palestine under the battle shout, "Deus vult"—God wills it. God said to Moses, "Go." That was Deus vult to Moses. Where are you going? "O, I'm going"—is it Deus vult, are you going the way God wills? Woe the man if God says "Go this way" and he goes that way. And Moses went and Jehovah went with him.

The great life of this great man is just begun but already we have reached the limits of this chapter. We haven't even touched the life. Through the ages men have tried to tell the story of this great life in

volume, song, marble, story. Angelo's greatest piece is his "Moses." But all alike fail as we have failed to even touch it, let alone tell it. What a life! Follow it from the Nile, across the wilderness, to Nebo. See the babe on the Nile, the boy at the court, the man in Midian, on Horeb, before Pharaoh, crossing the Red Sea, at Marah, on Sinai, raising the brazen serpent, on Nebo. What he endured and suffered for forty years from that stiff-necked and ungrateful people. They murmur and conspire and even attempt to kill him. What patience and long suffering and gentleness. "His gentleness made him great." His patience was sublime. How he flung himself between the people and destruction and pestilence, and the enemy, and the fiery serpent—yes, and God. When God would have destroyed all Israel and raised up from him a mighty people Moses plead, "Blot me out * * * but save the people." An earlier Paul pleading, "Gladly would I be accursed for my kinsmen, my brethren." From the beginning to the end he put himself last. Blessed the man who so lives that he may have for his epitaph, "He put himself last." He serves self best who serves others most.

But the day dawns when Moses must die. He stands before assembled Israel and sings a doxology, and then with outstretched hands he lets fall upon them his parting benediction, "The Lord thy God is a merciful God." That is, he is saying in that, "I know Him, I have seen Him, I have talked with Him face to face." "The Lord thy God is a merciful God." "His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting to all

them that fear him." "This is my last hour and my last word, 'O Israel, the Lord thy God is a merciful God,' and his mercies are new every morning and fresh every evening.'" "His mercy endureth throughout all generations." And as Moses muses on the measureless mercy of God, his face is o'er lit with the light of God.

And then with eye undimmed and natural strength unabated he turns his back to Israel, they have seen his face for the last time, and marches up the slopes of Nebo to die. Another Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley going to God at the high noon of his strength. "And God showed him all the land." Gave him a vision of the land. Blessed the man to whom, dying, God gives a vision of the land beyond.

*"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from that shore."*

At his feet lay the tents of Israel. Yonder stretches the rich and winding valley of Jordan. There the blue waters of Galilee. Far in the distance like white-robed angels Mounts Hermon and Lebanon, snow-clad and capped. Just before him Jericho with its green setting of palm trees. And having seen all the land Moses dies there. The Scriptures state, "He died on the mouth of God." Fear not thus to die. God for his undertaker. The angels for his pallbearers.

*"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no one heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth,—
None but the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Which from his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.*

*And had he not high honour—
The hillside for his pall—
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?"*

What a man! From his shoulders up he towered taller than any other mere man save Paul.

*"He was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword;
He was the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word,
And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden
pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men."*

But Moses is dead. Therefore pin not thine eternal hope to Moses. But rather to Him of whom Moses sang,—the Lamb.

XII

ZIONISM vs. NATIONALISM OR THE JEW-ARAB PROBLEM IN PALESTINE

Walk about Zion.—PSALM 48: 18.

OUR opinions are coloured by our prejudices. He who goes to Palestine with preconceived and prejudiced opinions on the Zionist Movement and Matter, and desiring to bulwark said opinions, will be easily able to do so. For he will discover about as many slants to the question as there are people; and Jews and Arabs aplenty on both sides.

We went to Palestine wholly favourable to the final and full possession of Palestine by the Jew as his national home. But also we went determinedly open-minded. We made our investigations in company with a keen, cultured American Jewish attorney of evident means. He returned wholly against the Zionist Movement.

For centuries there has been an expressed longing on the part of the Jews for a National home, which in our generation found renewed emphasis in the writings of that noted German Jew, Theodor Herzl, a third of a century ago. In response to this deep desire Great Britain some years since proposed to open their East African colonies for a Jewish National home. It was never consummated; whether because

of objection on the part of the non-Jewish colonists, resident in East Africa, or because the Jew refused a home outside of Palestine, is not quite clear.

Anyhow, all on a sudden one year before the close of the World War, Lord Balfour, Foreign Minister of Great Britain's War Cabinet, issued the following, which has become known historically as the Balfour Declaration: "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish Communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by the Jews in any other country."

This came to the Jews like manna from heaven. It came to the Arabs like a knell of doom. And doubly so because long before General Allenby's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, General Thomas Lawrence of England with his camel train went from clan to clan among the trans-Jordanic tribes and aroused them to join Great Britain and the Allies against Turkey and the Central Powers, with the promise that the Arabs should have a National, self-determining state, of which Syria and Palestine should be a part. This made possible Allenby's victory and the final collapse of Turkey, which led to the collapse of Austria and that to Germany's. The native leaders do not hesitate to declare even at this late day, that but for their aid and coöperation Allenby could not have won.

SELF-DETERMINATION GETS A SETBACK

When on December 2, 1917, General Allenby entered Jerusalem, he repeated the assurance of Arab independence and territorial possession. The British aeroplanes dropped leaflets down on Arab armies, declaring the same, and bearing the printed name and official designation of King George V. In consequence of these assurances the Arabs sent their representative, Faisul, to the Paris Peace Conference, who found himself sidetracked with deferred promises, until at last his unbelieving ears heard that Syria was to become a mandate of France, and Palestine of Great Britain; and the worst fears of the Arabs were in the way of being realized. The Arab did not then understand that war promises are only propaganda to win the war. He does now.

On its very face the Balfour Declaration is self-contradictory. It promises Palestine to the Jews as a National home and at the same time this is in no way to prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish people now living in and possessing the land. That were as difficult as riding two horses going in opposite directions. The natural result being Great Britain has not been able to satisfy either Arab or Jew and the feeling of both against her is increasingly bitter. And both are now of the fixed belief, that Great Britain did not take over the Palestine mandate for philanthropic or humanitarian reasons, but with an eye on the to-morrow; that she might thereby control the Eastern approach to the Suez Canal, as she has for

long controlled the Western approach through her Egyptian protectorate. Also that thus she might split the Mohammedan world in two.

The governing body of Palestine is the Executive Council. It is composed solely of Englishmen. The Council passes the laws upon recommendation of the Attorney General, who is a British Appointee and a Jew. Though the Arabs number not fewer than 650,000 to the Jews 150,000, yet they have no voice in making or executing the laws, or in the levying or collecting of the taxes, though they pay the vast bulk of them. The Arabs are talking about "taxation without representation," which has a familiar American sound! The Grand Mufti, the civil and religious head of the Moslem Arabs, insists they are asking no special favours—only justice and the formation of a democratic, representative, elective government.

The Arab frankly confesses he can't understand the Britisher. During the war, he says, the English told him to kill; to kill whole train loads, whole armies, whole villages; the more killed, the more virtuous the act. And that now to kill in defense of his home and native land is a crime. The Arab is confessedly befogged by the Western mental and moral processes and standards.

But in all fairness it needs to be stated that England has done and caused to be done in these few years a marvelous piece of physical work in Palestine. She has built roads as fine as America's; sewerage, sanitation, swamps drained and reclaimed. She is harnessing the Jordan to produce vast electric power. She is

sinking mines around the Dead Sea to uncover mineral deposits. She is installing much needed irrigation systems. She is making one of the world's greatest harbours at Haifa. She is piping oil from far off Mosul, ancient Nineveh, and contemplating a railroad to those distant, interior lands, thereby making Palestine the shipping point for Eastern millions. All these and many more, to say nothing of the air bases she is developing. Let no one attempt to belittle the amazing and extensive physical undertaking of Great Britain in the land of the patriarchs and prophets.

AND NOW THE JEW: HIS PROGRAM AND PURPOSE

Why has he come and whence? He has come chiefly from Russia, Poland, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Great Britain and America. A polyglot collection of many languages from many lands; polyglot in tastes, temperament, customs, culture; with but one common tie—all are Jews. And once a Jew, always a Jew. They seldom inter-marry in any land and—never forget.

The motives of their coming are mixed. Before going to Palestine we supposed their motives were predominantly religious; and that the whole or main trouble was religious. It is first a racial rather than a religious matter. This is true of both sides. The Greek Orthodox, the Greek Catholic, and in many cases, the Roman Catholic, Coptic, Armenian and many other groups are as bitterly anti-Jew as the Moslem. While always there is a religious ingredient, the essence is racial. And while some Jews are in

Palestine seeking religious freedom and a religious home, and others lay emphasis on the national, all magnify the racial. And there are plenty who are wholly non-religious. And some, especially among those from Russia, are avowedly Atheistic. So that the reason for his presence in Palestine as expressed by the Jew himself, takes a wider range; cultural, economic, politic, social, patriotic, racial, religious. And the opposition takes on as many forms.

Socially the conduct of many of the Jews is a death shock to the Arabs; the free, public mingling of the sexes; young people of both sexes on the street at night together; girls stockingless, sleeveless, hatless, bobbed-haired, arm in arm with young men, often with arms around each other, laughing loudly, eating and drinking together in public places; swimming together, dressed a la Coney Island—we Americans simply cannot appreciate the shock to the Arab's moral sensibilities. The native fears not only that these newcomers will change their standards, but lower them. So the problem is not only political, economic, racial, cultural, national, religious, but psychological, which goes deeper than all the others—includes all the others.

But it also needs to be emphasized that the pure Zionist firmly believes Israel has a mission to the world and a message for the world, which can never be fulfilled till Israel has a politico-national center and a seat of authority. And the Zionist enthusiast readily quotes Scripture, and a plenty, in support of his position. This group finds ready and enthusiastic support on the part of certain religious groups in America,

who are given to excessive and extreme literalism of interpretation.

When the enthusiastic Zionist declaims that Palestine is to become the National home of the Jew and he is asked, for how many of the Jews? and is reminded that all Palestine is but the size of one of the smaller New England States, and much of it is hopeless hill rock, and that there are more than twelve million Jews in the world, and that the utmost population capacity of Palestine is less than three million—this doesn't in the least stagger him. Geographic limits do not phase religious enthusiasts and never have.

But the self-evident fact is, the two large cultivatable tracts of Palestine, the Plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, are both in practically total possession of the Jews. The Arab sold his little farm in Sharon to the Jew at an undreamed of price and with the proceeds thereof bought him an automobile and used up his surplus for gas and upkeep, till now, he has neither home nor auto. And the Arab has discovered all is not gold that glistens. Incidentally twenty-five million dollars in good Jewish gold, mostly American, have poured into Palestine these few years to aid in this colonization. So far every Jew, old and young, settled in Palestine, has cost somebody \$1,500.

The large Jewish center and city in the Plain of Sharon is Tel-Aviv, a town of 45,000 inhabitants. It looks for all the world like an American boom town with all of the accompaniments: electric lights, paved streets, sewerage, schools, hospitals, orphanages,

homes. It is built over against Jaffa with an almost equal population. In answer to the question: How do the people support themselves? The reply was: "Twenty per cent. are engaged in the orange industry, twenty-five per cent. work in the factories." We found factories for the making of shoes, clothes, brick, tile, machinery, furniture, textile, matches, and even false teeth. In addition to these, forty-five per cent. are employed in the orange industry and in the factories. The high per cent. of shopkeepers usual to Jewish communities, is in evidence.

The Agricultural College located several miles from Tel-Aviv has 200 students. Here is everything usually found in a like school in America by way of laboratories, experimental stations and special departments. The farm comprises 600 acres and the orange ranch section produced this year 22,000 cases of fruit, which was sold to England and Germany. When the young men finish their courses in the college, they settle in the colonies to teach the art of modern farming in all of its departments to the colonists. The Jew is equipping himself with modern implements as well as modern methods. And how long the camel and the donkey and the crooked-stick plow can compete against the motor truck, the auto and the gas engine plow, answers itself.

THE ARAB BENEDICT ARNOLD

The Plain of Esdraelon. During the war the rumour circulated and persisted among the 12,000 Arab farmer home owners of this, Palestine's largest arable

tract, that the Turkish government was going to confiscate all property for war purposes. In terror the Arab land owners went to their one rich and powerful fellow Arab—Sorsek of Nazareth and asked him if he wouldn't take over and hold their farms for them till after the war. They believed the government wouldn't dare touch one so powerful and wealthy as Sorsek. He readily consented. But, one year before the war is ended comes Balfour's Declaration and the organization of the world's Zionist Executive with Nahum Sokolow, President. And dealing direct with Sorsek, the 12,000 little Arab farms of Esdraelon were bought with money from the Jewish National Fund, and the 12,000 Arab farmers were forced out of their homes and 12,000 Jewish farmers moved in. All his was perfectly legal, for Sorsek held the deeds, and all is a matter of public, official records. And Sorsek, a many times millionaire, suddenly moved from Nazareth to Beirut—out of his native land, a man without a country, the Benedict Arnold of his race! So the Zionists possess Palestine's two valleys—one by buying and one by bribing.

But if possible the Arab is more bitter over his placidity being disturbed than even over losing his heritage and his holdings. How the Arab does love to loll, he dotes on indolence. He hates industry. He loathes energy. He despises perspiration. He is wedded to his bubble pipe. Work, real work, is not of his vocabulary. So he abhors the Jew who is forcing him out of his lethargy into labour. For the Jew is provoking the Arab into work, and the Arab doesn't

want to be provoked into works, good or otherwise. There are in Palestine, stating a single example, 181 non-Jewish flour mills and nineteen Jewish. The nineteen Jewish had an output last year one-third as large as the 181 non-Jewish. A child can easily estimate how long that kind of competition will last. And the same rate holds in other and all industries.

PRIORITY CLAIM

The Jew claims Palestine belongs to him because he was in possession long centuries before there was an Arab. The number of centuries varies according to who is speaking. But the usual number is at least twelve. How much of Palestine Abraham, Isaac and Jacob occupied and possessed, and how long, is easily knowable. Then came the sojourn in Egypt, 430 years. The Jew certainly didn't possess the land those centuries. After his return from Egypt he was in the land, though far from in full possession of it, for 490 years, until the Babylonish Captivity. Though already the ten tribes had been carried away near 200 years before and "lost." After seventy years in Babylon, Judah came back and possessed the land more or less—mostly less, till 70 A. D., when Titus finished matters Jewish in Palestine; although there has always been a modicum remaining, though very few and very small.

The Arab tells us he has been in possession of Palestine thirteen unbroken centuries, save the small measure of years—eighty-seven—when held by the Crusaders. And when one talks to the Arab about the Jews' priority claim, he comes back with, What about

the Philistines and other tribes and nations that occupied the land long before there was a Jew? And—when are you Americans going to give America back to the American Indian, or England give her land back to the Norman, or France to the Huguenots, or Spain to the Arabs?

Or when one attempts to talk to him about living in peace and good-will side by side with his Jewish brother, he has an uncomfortable way of coolly saying: "I notice you are doing that with your Japanese neighbour in California; here the Jew has not only taken from us our business, our industries, our shops, but our farms, while you do not permit the Japanese to own an acre of land in your country!" About then one finds the weather a comfortable topic of conversation.

The Jew isn't as voluble as the Arab, but he is digging in every waking, working hour. He is preparing not for a skirmish, but for a siege. He is planting schools—public, high, colleges, universities, throughout the land. And while but 17% of the Moslem children are in school, 96% of the Jewish boys and girls are enrolled. This is dynamic with possibility. He is planting papers, daily and weekly, everywhere, with large circulation. How can the Arab read papers, when but a small per cent. can read at all? The Jew's commercial and financial institutions are also rooting everywhere. The leading Jewish bank in Jerusalem has branches in not fewer than seven other centers.

And always everywhere neither side misses a chance to disparage or disadvantage the other and get ad-

vantage to itself. And while the Zionist organization officially disclaims intent and purpose to seize the sacred places, which for centuries have been in possession of the Arabs, yet the Jewish world has been nigh flooded with placards and pictures from the Palestine Zionist press—pictures of the Mosque of Omar, the Temple Area, the Wailing Wall, Mount of Olives, with the Jewish flag floating over them and the picture of Nahum Sokolow, their National President, calling the Jews from the ends of the earth to go up and possess the land. "How good and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

THE RIOT OF AUGUST 23, 1929, AND ITS ROOTS

The Wailing Wall all these centuries has been Arab property. But since 70 A. D. the Jew has been granted access to this wall to bewail his people's departed glory, and to pray for its restoration. But always with the stipulation that no seats shall at any time be used. Last year, of a sudden, chairs, benches and even screens appeared, and it took a court fight and order to remove them. August 16, a young Jewish enthusiast appeared before the Wailing Wall with the Jewish flag and star and printed propaganda. The mob that quickly assembled was dispersed with difficulty by the police.

A week later, as some young Arabs were coming from the Mosque at noontime prayers, one of them raised the cry: "Let's go to the Wailing Wall and clean out the accursed Jew!" Many for weeks had been pouring oil upon the troubled waters. These

young Arabs dropped a match into the oil and it proved to be gasoline. The explosion was terrible, the marks of it are in evidence all over Palestine. The most tragic thing of all was the killing of Dr. H. Weimer, Jew, the learned Biblical scholar and lifelong warm friend of the Arab. He left his all by will, \$50,000, to further Arab education. The Wailing Wall is the pus of the Jewish-Arab boil.

Yet there are some amusing and relieving features. Recently some Jewish women have wailed so loudly that they were haled to court and charged with disturbing the peace. They insisted it was their wall and they'd wail as loudly as they wished. The court ordered otherwise. When we were listening to the wailing we could scarcely hear because of the loud noises proceeding from the near-by Arab harems. It was the Arab women singing and screeching at the top of their voices to disturb, if possible, the wailers. As their home is their castle, nothing can be done about it.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

* Ten million Moslems are packed in around Palestine. Nearly three hundred million are within cry and call. The Arab sees in the incoming of the Jew into Palestine his outgoing. Therefore, while the Jew is enthusiastic to make Palestine his National home, the Arab is as enthusiastic to make it his National cemetery. Three hundred million Moslems await the call, and when that call comes, the Arab in Egypt will strike for national freedom from England, and the Arab in Syria will strike for national freedom from

France, and the Arab of Palestine will strike for freedom from the Jew and the British, and then the dark sons of India will strike for home rule, and the dark skinned millions of China and Japan will join these other dark skinned millions—when that hour strikes, if it strikes, may a God of pity turn a compassionate face upon the white race.

Is there no glimmer of light and hope? There is one—only one. Until recent years the Moslem had but hissed hate for the name of Christ and Christian. But no more. He sees in the possible backing of the Christian his one hope of ridding Palestine of the hated Jew. He emphasizes that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and other Palestine Christian shrines, are equally dear to him. So, while the Jew in some of his propaganda raises the question whether the Church of the Holy Sepulcher shall be razed or burned, the Moslem says: "See, the Jew is as much anti-Christian as anti-Moslem."

The Mohammedan even resents being called a Mohammedan. He's a Moslem. He does not worship Mohammed. He accepts him only as a great teacher. So too does he accept Christ. He even calls himself a Unitarian. He magnifies Christ as the world's greatest teacher. All of this with the result that the Mohammedan is forced to face for the first time the claims of Christ, which like mustard seed is silently germinating in the Moslem soul. In not a few places a society of Mohammedans is being organized, called "The Friends of Jesus." This movement is pregnant with significance. So that as of yore,

Jesus is being preached by His enemies. If this leads to the exaltation and coronation of Christ, thanks be for the Zionist Movement.

LOOKING BACKWARD

And as for those Jewish enthusiasts who dream of razing the Mosque of Omar and rebuilding on its site Solomon's Temple, and restoring the former glory of the Kings of Israel, it will never happen. It is too late by at least 2,000 years. It is to ask the disciples' vain question of 2,000 years ago, "Wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" Bellamy transplanted himself to the far off and telescoped 2000 A. D., and gave the world his "Looking Backward." One may look back 2,000 years, but he can't go back. The Jew desires to recenter himself in Palestine to look for the Messiah yet to come.

At Salonika, ancient Thessalonica, each night at dark a Jew appointed of his brethren, goes down to the wharfs and along the quays, with lighted lantern, hunting, hunting. When asked what he is hunting for, his answer always is, "For the Messiah, whom we are expecting. I am to conduct Him back to my brethren." They will look in vain. Like the foolish Virgins their oil will burn out. He won't come. He has come. The Jewish Jerusalem won't be restored. The prophecies are against it. History is against it. Experience is against it. The currents of Calvary are against it. The hands on God's clock can't be turned back 2,000 years. Shiloh has come. Hearken, fellow Israelites:

*"Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who'd save you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of All."*

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus," which being interpreted is the Messiah. "Pilate asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? and Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest."

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